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No. 1.

MODERN ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

The popularization of art at the present day, and the wonderful multiplication of clever artists—With reproductions of characteristic works by contemporary painters.

By C. Stuart Johnson.

IN the early days of painting, the power to set figures and hues upon canvas was regarded as a rare and precious gift, a marvelous and heaven sent inspiration. Men welcomed its possessors with wonder and rejoicing. In medieval Florence the street where a famous painter worked was known thereafter as the Way of Cheerful Men.

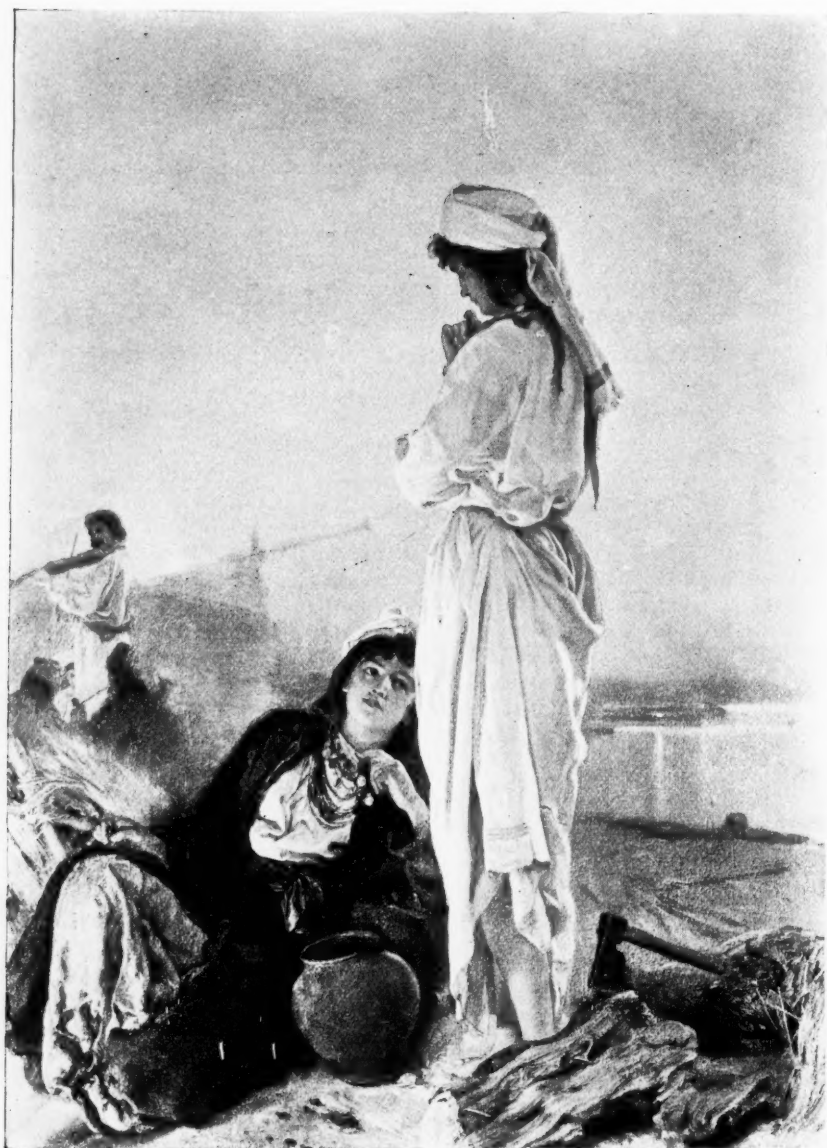
Today pictorial art is no longer a wonder. The spread of education, the manifold development of modern ac-

tivities, have multiplied artists almost as they have multiplied authors. A thousand men take up the pen, a hundred take up the brush, where one did so in former days. Picture galleries are almost as numerous as libraries. The invention of mechanical reproductive processes has done for art almost what the printing press has done for literature. It is everywhere around us. It is no longer a thing for the few, a thing that here and there a single teacher ex-



"The Vivisector."

From the painting by Gabriel Max.



"A Summer Night on the Vistula."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by W. Strzykowski.

pounded as an unknown gospel; it is a thing for the many, a thing that hundreds of skilled hands display to millions of appreciative beholders.

As with literature, this marvelous diffusion of art has been both a cheapening and at the same time an ennob-

ling and enriching process. Just as an orator whose spoken word once moved thousands, perhaps, can now, through the press, sway the civilized world, so has the horizon of an artist's influence been widened. For material for reflection on this subject the New Yorker



"Introducing the Bride."
Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by O. Erdmann.

might do well to visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art some Sunday afternoon, and witness the essentially modern spectacle of the throng that parades its galleries, and drinks in the masterpieces of Bonheur and Makart. Still more im-

glorification, but simply as the aptest illustration of our thesis. Does he realize that only a very few years ago such a thing would have been both a financial and a mechanical impossibility? It is only the great recent reduction in



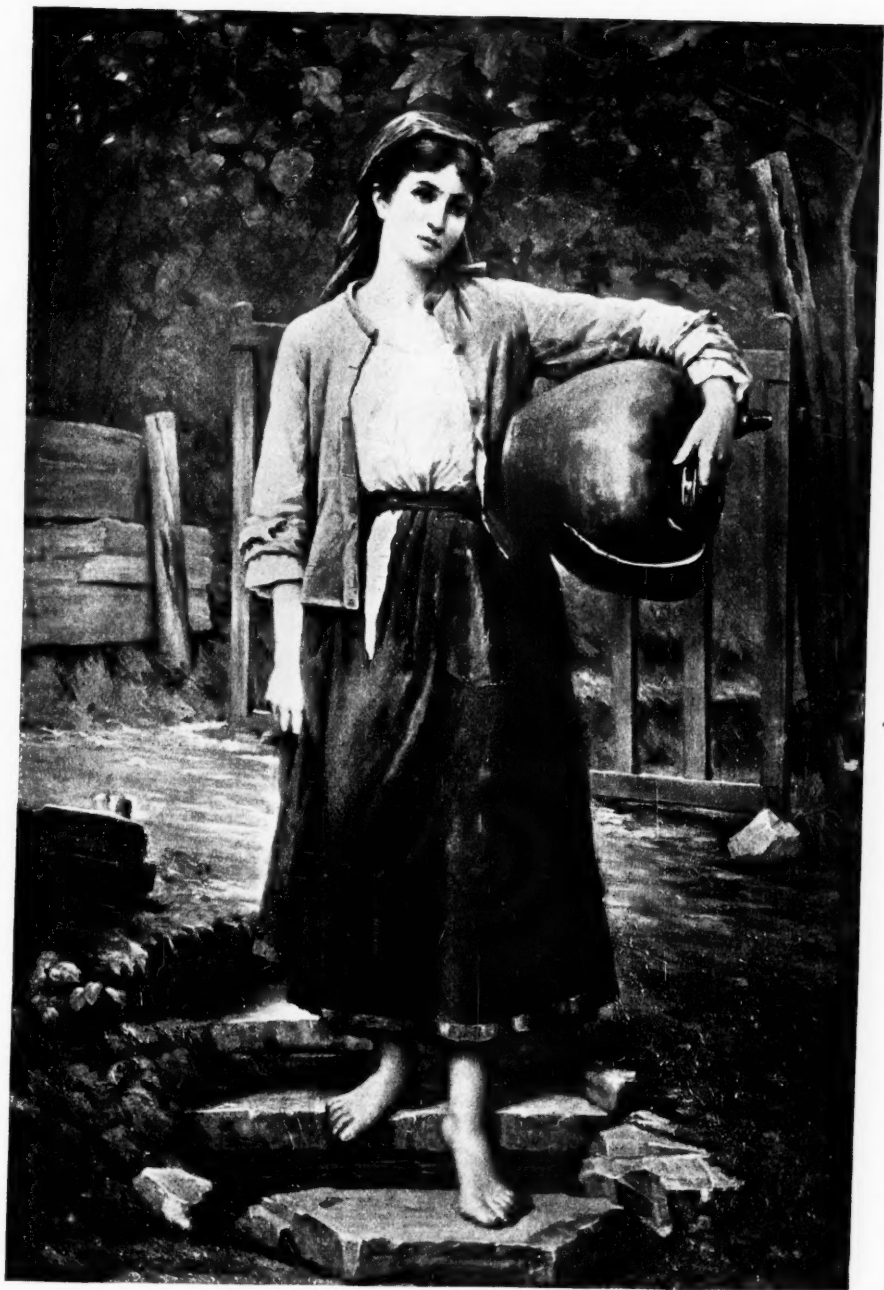
"A Trio."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by G. Mader.

pressive as a sign possible only in these latter days was the great Chicago fair of last year, where vast expenditure combined with the highest technical skill to set before myriads of visitors of every class and degree an unparalleled object lesson in art.

Or, again, let the reader consider for a moment the magazine that is in his hand, and which we instance not in self

the cost of paper, the latest improvements in printing machinery, and above all the invention of the "half tone" process of engraving—of which the accompanying series of pictures may truthfully be said to represent the acme—that have created a new engine for the spread of art by rendering it possible to place these reproductions of the fine paintings of the day before, at the least



"Going to the Well."

From the painting by Isabella Venet.



"Will o' the Wisp."

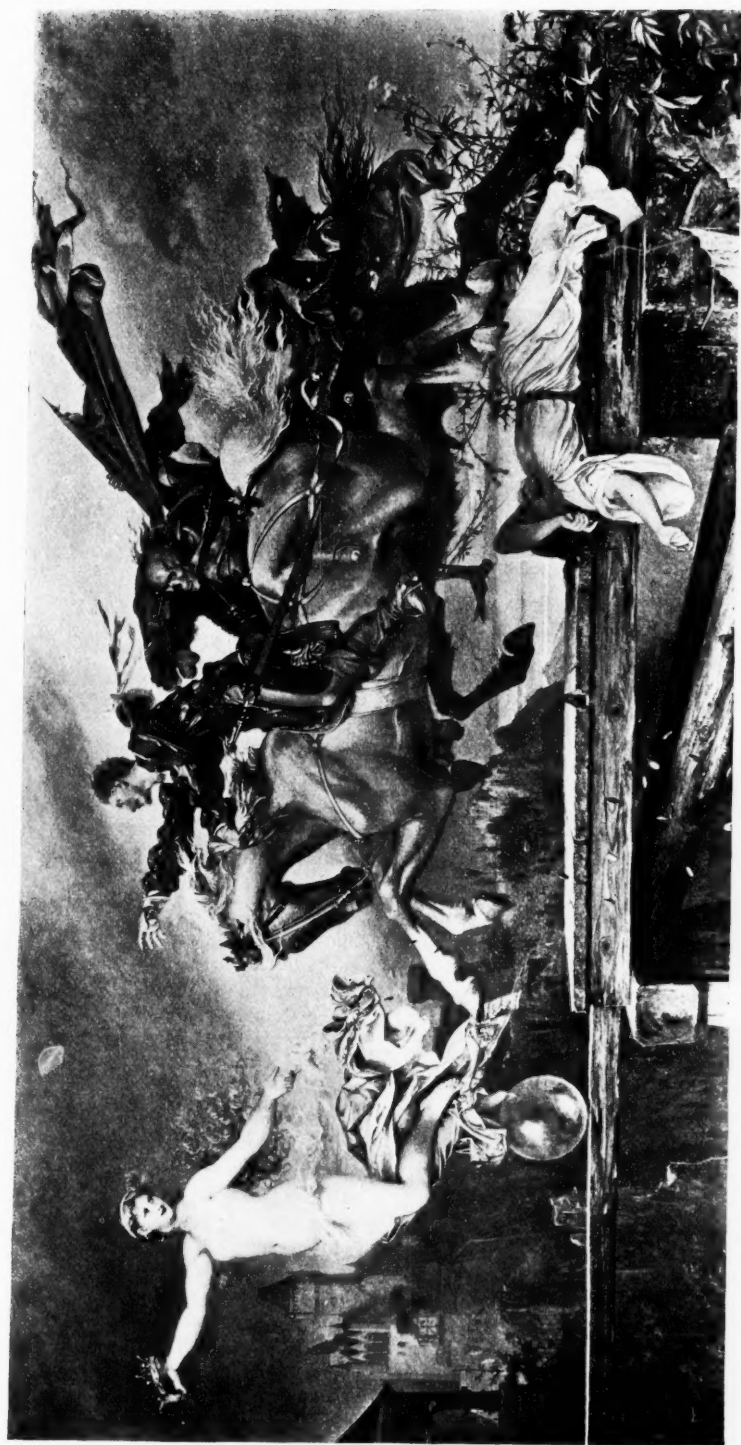
Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by G. Spangenberg.

calculation, a million pairs of eyes every month.

The illustrations given herewith exemplify the wonderful extension of modern art in another way. Of the twelve artists represented, the general reader will probably recognize the names of but two or three. All of them are clever painters; but in these days clever

painters are legion. It is only the few, gifted with a supreme endowment of genius or good fortune, that can win wide repute. In the vast army of the brush, the rank and file holds many a man who in earlier days would have been hailed as a leader.

Gabriel Max, whose "Vivisector" is given on page 3, is one of the famous



"The Chase of Fortune."

Photographed by the Berlin photographic Company from the painting by R. Haensch.

few. The "poet painter of Munich," as he has been called, is the most widely celebrated artist of his school. His pictures have a pathetic, often a tragic cast. "The Vivisector," where personified mercy rebukes the experimenter, and teaches him that one throbbing heart outweighs gold and laurels, is interesting as showing a phase of the artist's character. He is a lover of

annals of art. Wilhelm Stryowski, who hails from the city of Dantzic, has found abundance of unfamiliar material for his brush in the peasant life of the region where the domains of the Kaiser border upon those of the Czar. He paints Poles, Cossacks, and gypsies with the convincing touch that comes from local knowledge of his subject. The gypsy encampment on the low



"A Revere."

From the painting by Paul Tullier.

animals. He used to delight in keeping such strange pets as monkeys, tortoises, and snakes; and of the former he has painted pictures that may be termed studies in Darwinianism, so appealingly human is their sympathy.

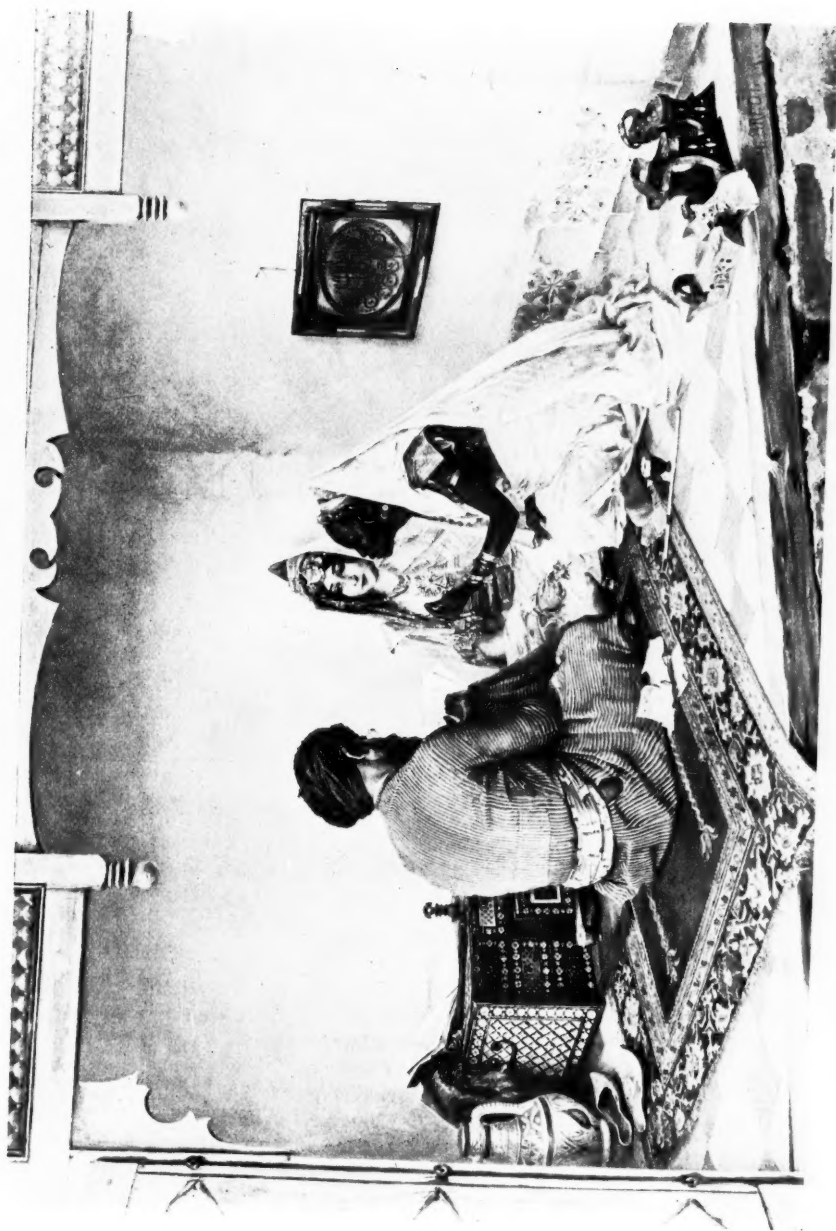
Nathanael Sichel is a German painter who has been a successful courter of popularity. A pupil of the Berlin Academy, he made his first mark in the historical field; but in later years he has devoted himself to a long series of feminine figure studies. Of these one of the most striking is that to which he has given the name of the warrior maiden of Bethulia, and which forms the frontispiece of the present magazine.

The extreme east of Germany is a region that has figured little in the

banks of the sluggish Vistula, shown in the engraving on page 4, is a characteristic specimen of his work.

There are few more striking allegorical pictures than Rudolf Friedrich Henneberg's "Hunt for Fortune," engraved on page 9. Every detail of the story is vividly given—the youth, clad in the costume of an old time German noble, dashing furiously forward at the sprite who lures him to destruction; the coronet she holds, the golden coins she strews before him, the bubble on which she floats; the angel of love trampled beneath the hoofs of the madman's steed, and the grim phantom of Death that rides behind him.

The picture, a huge canvas that now hangs in the National Gallery at Berlin,



"A Public Scribe in Tunis."
Photographed by the Berlin Photographische Company from the painting by F. M. Brecht



"An Engaged Couple."

From the painting by L. Jimenez,

attracted much attention when it was sent to the Paris Exposition of 1878, as one of the representative specimens of German art. Its painter was born at Brunswick in 1825, and studied at Antwerp, under Couture in Paris, and in Rome. After spending several years in Italy, where he made many copies from the old masters, especially Titian, Henneberg went to Munich, and thence to Berlin, where he became a member of the Academy. But his health failed; and after a vain journey to Italy in search of recuperation, he came back to his native city, to die there in 1876.

Spangenberg's career may be said to have paralleled Henneberg's. Born in Hamburg in 1828, he studied first under Pelissier at Hanau, and later became Henneberg's fellow pupil in the *atelier* of Couture. After six years in Paris he traveled northward to England and southward to Italy, finally settling in Berlin, where he became a professor at the Academy. Besides a variety of ideal work, of which his "Will o' the Wisp," engraved on page 8, is a good specimen, Spangenberg has delved deeply into German history. He has made a special study of Martin Luther, and



"Marina."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by L. Falero.

has painted a notable series of scenes from the great reformer's life.

George Mader, whose "Trio" is reproduced on page 6, came to Munich from that land of a musical peasantry, the Tyrol. His work perpetuates the artistic tradition of his early instructors,

Kaulbach and Schraudolph. It is cast in an intellectual, a semi religious strain. His brush has found a congenial task in the decoration of church interiors, and he was one of the founders of the institute of glass painting at Innsbruck.

Otto Erdmann was born at Leipzig

sixty years ago, and studied first at the Academy of the Saxon city and later at Dresden and Munich. In 1887 he settled in Düsseldorf, the little Prussian town on the Rhine whose art school has made it famous. Erdmann's favorite field is historical genre, and his chosen period the eighteenth century. "Introducing the Bride" (page 5) shows the style that most of his canvases follow.

Bredt's scene in Tunis—where French conquest has opened a new field for artists in search of the picturesque—

Falero's "Marina," and Paul Tillier's recumbent figure study, may be taken as good examples of the work of the younger artists of different European schools. Still another nationality is represented in Luis Jiminez, who was born in Seville in 1845, and learned his art in Spain. In 1875 he joined the Spanish colony in Paris, which includes such men as the two Madrazos, Ribera, and Rico, and which has contributed not a little to the color and brightness of contemporary Parisian art.



THE AWAKENING KISS.

WHITE velvet curtains hide her eyes;
Locked in a deep
Untroubled sleep,
Within her fleecy robes she lies.

Warm lips upon her lips are pressed,
And from her eyes
The veils arise,
And sweet life wakens in her heart.

'Tis Psyche roused by Love's caress;
'Tis gentle spring
Awakening
The earth to life and fruitfulness.

Edward Payson Jackson.



THE ENGLISH DUKES AND DUCHESSSES.

The lucky wearers of the strawberry leaved coronet—The great hereditary titles and estates held by a score of the oldest, proudest, and wealthiest families of the English aristocracy.

By Richard H. Titherington.

THE England of today presents the curious anomaly of an advanced democracy that maintains the greatest aristocracy in the world. The age long contest of the crown and the nobles for political supremacy has been finally ended by the subordination of both to King Demos; but that many headed monarch still loves to prostrate himself at the feet of his social divinities, the titled orders. He "dearly loves a lord," as the familiar saying phrases it. England is a land of institutions, and of all its institutions the peerage is the greatest.

That five hundred men should have thirty millions to fall down before them and worship them is unquestionably an admirable arrangement for the five hundred. Best of all is it for the twenty one dukes who stand at the head of the five hundred, and absorb the lion's share of the glory and the emoluments. A wearer of the strawberry leaves that distinguish the ducal coronet should certainly be an optimist. He can afford to let socialistic philosophers rail at the "accident of birth," while he sits down and enjoys the good things a favoring dispensation has sent him.

As with many other things in conservative England, where "whatever is,

is right," the principal reason for the existence of the ducal order is the fact that it has already existed a long time. It was established by the third Edward, who brought the title back from his victorious campaigns in France. There it had been held ever since Roman days by the governors of provinces, who, as the central power declined, had asserted



The Duke of Portland.

From a photograph by Barrand, London.



Lily, Dowager Duchess of Marlborough.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

virtual independence and maintained almost regal state. Edward's eldest son, famous as the Black Prince, was the first English duke, his father creating him Duke of Cornwall—which has always remained as one of the minor dignities of the heir to the British throne.

Under the Plantagenets, the ducal title was bestowed upon few but princes of the royal blood, who, in those troublous times of civil war, seldom transmitted it far from father to son. In the reign of

Elizabeth every royal dukedom had become extinct, and there existed but two others—those of Norfolk and Somerset. These two last are still extant, as are nineteen created by later monarchs. There are also seven royal dukes—Queen Victoria's three sons, the Dukes of Cornwall (the Prince of Wales), Edinburgh (now Duke of Coburg), and Connaught; her grandsons of Albany and York; and her cousins of Cambridge and Cumberland. Nor have we reckoned

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James

FIVE DUCAL VETERANS.

The Duke of Argyll.

The Duke of Devonshire

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

The Duke of Rutland.

The Duke of Westminster.

four dukes—Athole, Buccleuch, Montrose, and Roxburghe—whose titles are exclusively Scotch, and two—Abercorn and Leinster—who are of the Irish peerage. Of the "simon pure" dukedoms

distinction, whether upon the part of their holders, or even, in most cases, of their founders. The two most notable exceptions are the Marlborough and Wellington titles, which perpetuate the

memory of the two greatest English captains of modern times, the victors of Blenheim and of Waterloo. On the other hand, three existing dukedoms have their shameful origin in the amours of Charles II. The Stuart libertine was certainly a liberal parent to the offspring of his various liaisons. The son of the notorious Nell Gwynn he made Duke of St. Albans; Louise de Querouailles', Duke of Richmond and Lennox; and Barbara Villiers', Duke of Grafton. Beside these, whose descendants yet wear their honors, Lucy Walters' son, created Duke of Monmouth, paid with his head for his rash attempt to oust his uncle, James II, from the throne.

Between the two extremes of military glory and royal libertinism, most of the remaining dukedoms owe their existence to what can only be classified as "circumstances." Take for instance the three most recent creations. Nowadays, of course, the ennobling power of the

crown has passed into the hands of the ministers who represent a majority in the House of Commons; and it is a little singular that all the new dukes of the present reign should have received their titles from Mr. Gladstone, the champion of democracy. The three peers in question were Argyll, already a Scotch duke and a great land owner, and a respectable member of former



The Duke of Marlborough.
From a photograph by Russell, London

of the United Kingdom there is just one more than a score.

It would be difficult to say that these twenty one lofty titles—whose holders are "your grace" to the commonalty, and "our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin" to royalty—represent either great services to the state, or superlative achievements of genius, or indeed any sufficient reason for eminent



Frances, Dowager Duchess of Marlborough.

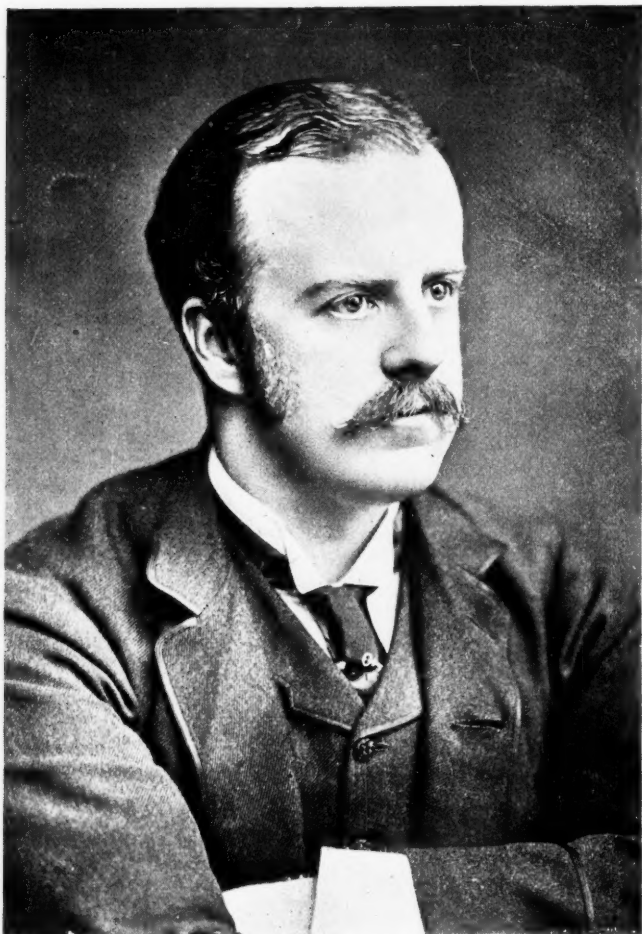
From a photograph by Byrne, Richmond.

Liberal ministries; Westminster, formerly a marquis, a man of vast wealth, and also a prominent Liberal; and Fife, promoted from his earldom upon his marriage to the eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales.

Some of the other ducal families owe their rise to more romantic incidents. Such was the case with the Russells, whose head is the Duke of Bedford. The veracious Burke records that in the reign of Henry VII the Archduke Philip of Austria, traveling by sea from Flanders to Spain, was driven, by stress of storm, into the harbor of the little English town of Weymouth.

There a Mr. John Russell, a gentleman of the locality, entertained the distressed voyager so hospitably that the prince, having decided to visit the English king, took him to Windsor and commended him to the royal favor. This Mr. Russell so well retained under Henry VIII that when the "bluff King Hal" confiscated the great properties of the church, and distributed them among his favorites, some of the richest plums fell to the Earl of Bedford, as he had now become.

The Russells have been a thrifty race. When William, fifth earl and first duke, married the daughter of the impover-



The Duke of Fife.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

ished Earl of Somerset, he forced her father to sell plate, jewels, and furniture to raise a dowry of twelve thousand pounds. As one of the great land owning families of the west end of London—made so by the grant of the church property of Covent (or Convent) Garden—they have been often and loudly charged with an unprogressive selfishness. Far the most distinguished member of the house was a younger son, Lord John (created Earl) Russell, one of the authors of the Reform Bill, and twice premier of England.

The typical ducal family is that of the

Howards. It is the oldest and proudest of the peerage. Its head is Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, and premier duke and earl, taking precedence of all his fellow countrymen save the royal family and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. The Howards trace their descent to Saxon times. Their ducal title began with the Yorkist leader to whom was addressed the famous warning on the eve of Bosworth fight—

Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

John Howard fought and fell with the

humpbacked king; but their magnanimous conqueror, the seventh Henry, restored the forfeited title to the former's son, who commanded the English troops at the victory of Flodden.

The later history of the Howards has its dark pages. The third duke, and his son, Lord Surrey, famous in literature as the originator of English blank verse, were arrested as traitors by Henry VIII, who took Surrey's head, and would have taken his father's had not the king's death saved his intended victim. The fourth duke, too, was beheaded by Elizabeth for intriguing with Mary Queen of Scots.

Almost alone among the great English families, the Howards are Catholics. A century ago, when adherence to the church of Rome was a bar to the tenure of public office, the eleventh duke, who had political aspirations, entered the Anglican communion. Though religious disabilities have since disappeared, his successors have returned to the ancient faith.

Americans have probably heard more of the house of Churchill, in recent years, than of any other ducal family. Two of its members have sought American brides, and American dollars have regilded the somewhat tarnished glories of its famous palace of Blenheim. Its founder was certainly one of the most picturesque figures of English history. Jack Churchill was a dashing soldier who could capture a woman's heart or an enemy's fortress with equal ease, and who massacred English grammar and French armies alternately. When he and his no less famous wife, Sarah Jennings, died without sons, Parliament confirmed the

succession to his title, his estates, and his perpetual pension of five thousand pounds a year, to the heirs of his daughter, Anne Spencer, who were subsequently allowed to assume the family name of Churchill.

There are two Dowager Duchesses of Marlborough now living. The elder is the widow of the seventh duke, who died in 1883. His successor, the eighth duke, had already been divorced from his



The Duchess of Fife.

From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

first wife, under circumstances not very creditable to himself, when he succeeded to the title. His subsequent marriage to Mrs. Hammersley, in the New York City Hall, is no doubt fresh in the read-

ter, *née* Consuelo Yznaga, of New York. Her marriage to Viscount Mandeville, who died a couple of years after he succeeded his father as Duke of Manchester, is said to have been a very unhappy



The Duchess of Newcastle.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

er's memory. Since her husband's death this second dowager has taken up her residence at Deepdene, in Surrey. Blenheim, which her millions had helped to restore, has of course passed from her to the late duke's son, who has just come of age, and is an undergraduate at Christchurch College, Oxford.

The other "American duchess" is also a recent dowager—she of Manches-

ter. The title, which was created by George I, is one of the least important of the dukedoms.

Three of the ducal families are Scotch to the backbone. The Campbells (Dukes of Argyll) and the Douglas-Hamiltons (Dukes of Brandon and Hamilton) come of historic Scottish lines. The Duffs, whose head is the newly created Duke of Fife, are comparatively *nouveaux*

riches, and their claim of descent from the rival whom Macbeth murdered for the sake of his kingdom is decidedly shadowy.

"Mac Calain More" has been a hered-

Scottish vanguard at Flodden, and fell fighting there. It was the eighth earl who set the crown upon the head of Charles II at Scone, the traditional crowning place of the kings of Scot-



The Dowager Duchess of Manchester.

From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

itary title of the head of the Campbells ever since it was borne by the Colin Campbell who was one of Robert Bruce's foremost partisans. This first Mac Calain More was slain in a feud with a neighboring chief, the Lord of Lorne; but a subsequent marriage united the two clans and doubled the Campbell domains. As the second Earl of Argyll, the head of the family commanded the

land, when that prince's father had been executed by the English Parliament. Later, this same Campbell made his submission to Cromwell—a treason punished with death after the final restoration of the Stuart claimant. His son, the ninth earl, shared the same fate, being retaken after making a daring escape from Edinburgh Castle in the disguise of a page.

William III created the tenth earl a duke in the peerage of Scotland. His son, the second duke, was the lieutenant of Marlborough and the minister of Queen Anne whom Pope addressed as—



The Duchess of St. Albans.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

Argyll, the state's whole thunder trained to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field.

The present duke, too, has figured in politics, and was a cabinet official as long as forty years ago, when Lord Aberdeen was premier, and Mr. Gladstone first became chancellor of the exchequer. His son and heir, the Marquis of Lorne, who was Governor General of Canada from 1878 to 1883, married Queen Victoria's fourth daughter, the Princess Louise.

It is hardly necessary to explain that the eldest son of a duke takes, by established custom, his father's second title, if—as is usually the case—his father has any second title. Younger

sons and daughters prefix "Lord" or "Lady" to their names. All these are merely "courtesy titles." Their bearers are not peers. They are often found among the elected members of the House of Commons. Lord Randolph Churchill, a younger son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, is a well known instance of this. The present Duke of Rutland sat in the Commons for more than thirty years as Lord John Manners; and the Duke of Devonshire served there equally long, and with much greater distinction, as the Marquis of Hartington. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, too—whose title, though it began in dishonor, has been held by a succession of able men—began his political career in the lower house.

where his son, the Marquis of Granby, is now following his father's footsteps.

With the exception of that of the Duke of Fife, whose wealth came from banking, all the ducal estates are mainly in land. Many of them have been greatly depreciated during the recent years of agricultural depression, but none is valued at less than a million pounds. The richest of them all, that of the Duke of Westminster, is probably worth at least twenty times as much, and there are others not greatly less.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

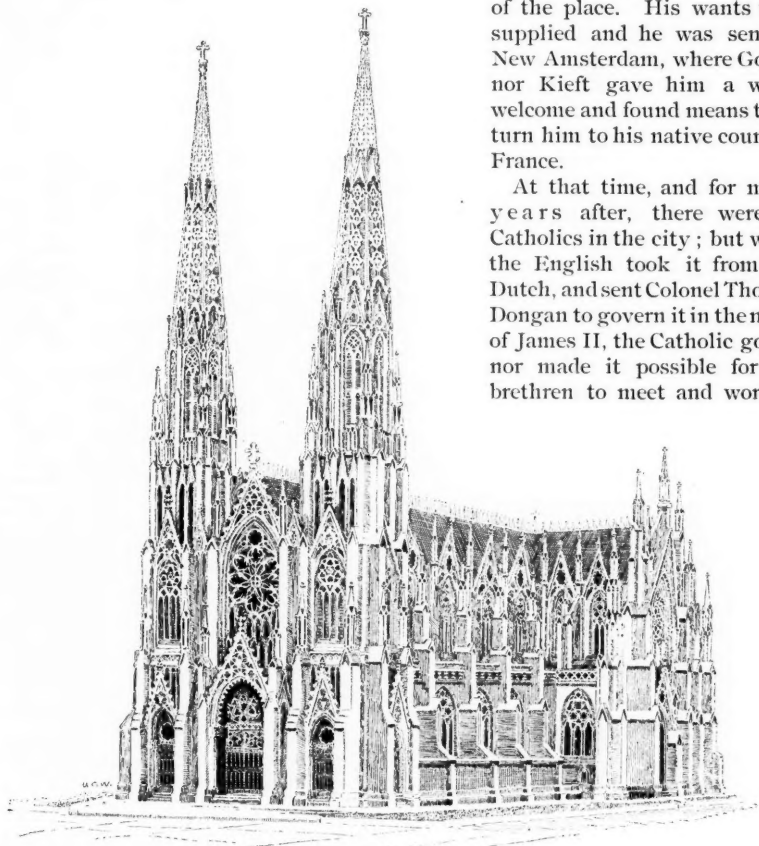
The church that claims a majority of the inhabitants of the metropolis—Its great cathedral, its hundred churches, its powerful religious orders, its remarkable system of charitable work—Its early leaders, its present personelle, and its prospects for the future.

By John Talbot Smith.

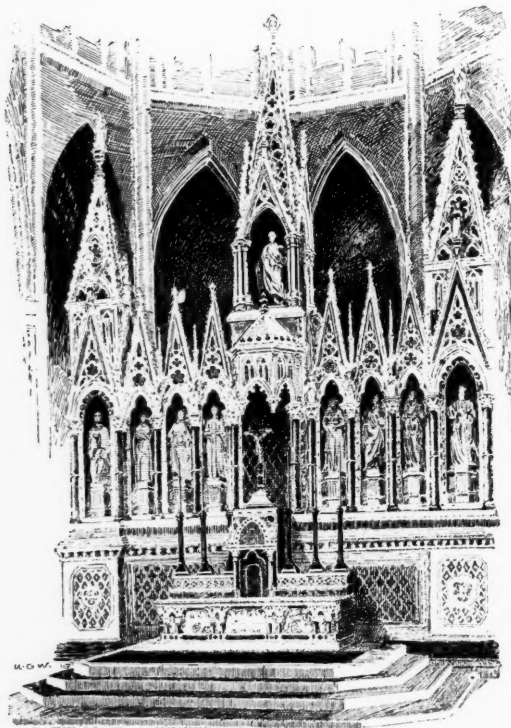
A PLEASANT incident marks the beginning of Catholic church history in the city of New York. A Jesuit missionary, who had been work-

ing among the fierce Mohawks in the center of the State, fled to Albany after his Indian friends had cut off his fingers and toes, and was received with much charity by the Dutch minister of the place. His wants were supplied and he was sent to New Amsterdam, where Governor Kieft gave him a warm welcome and found means to return him to his native country, France.

At that time, and for many years after, there were no Catholics in the city; but when the English took it from the Dutch, and sent Colonel Thomas Dongan to govern it in the name of James II, the Catholic governor made it possible for his brethren to meet and worship



St. Patrick's Cathedral.



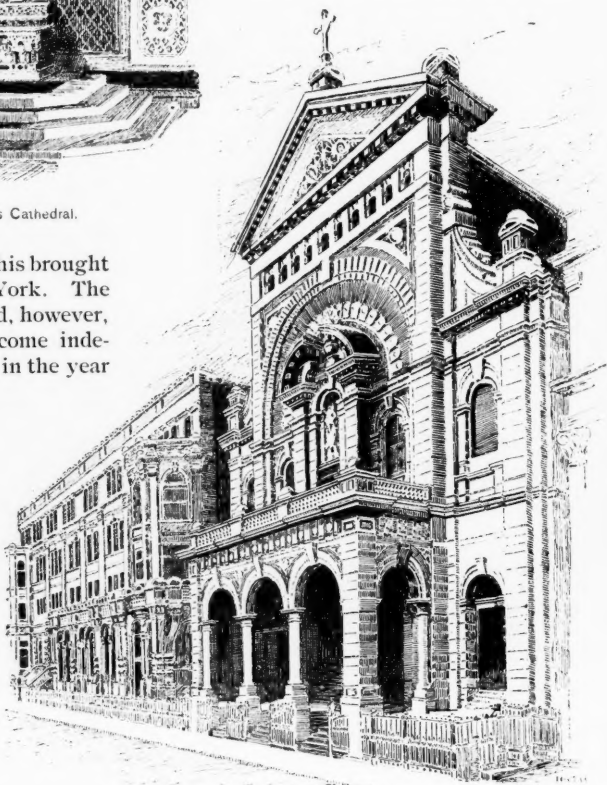
The Altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

without violation of law. This brought many Catholics to New York. The first church was not erected, however, until the colonies had become independent of England, when in the year 1786 a lot was bought on Barclay Street, and St. Peter's was built. The kings of France and Spain contributed to its erection, and the corner stone was laid by the Spanish ambassador.

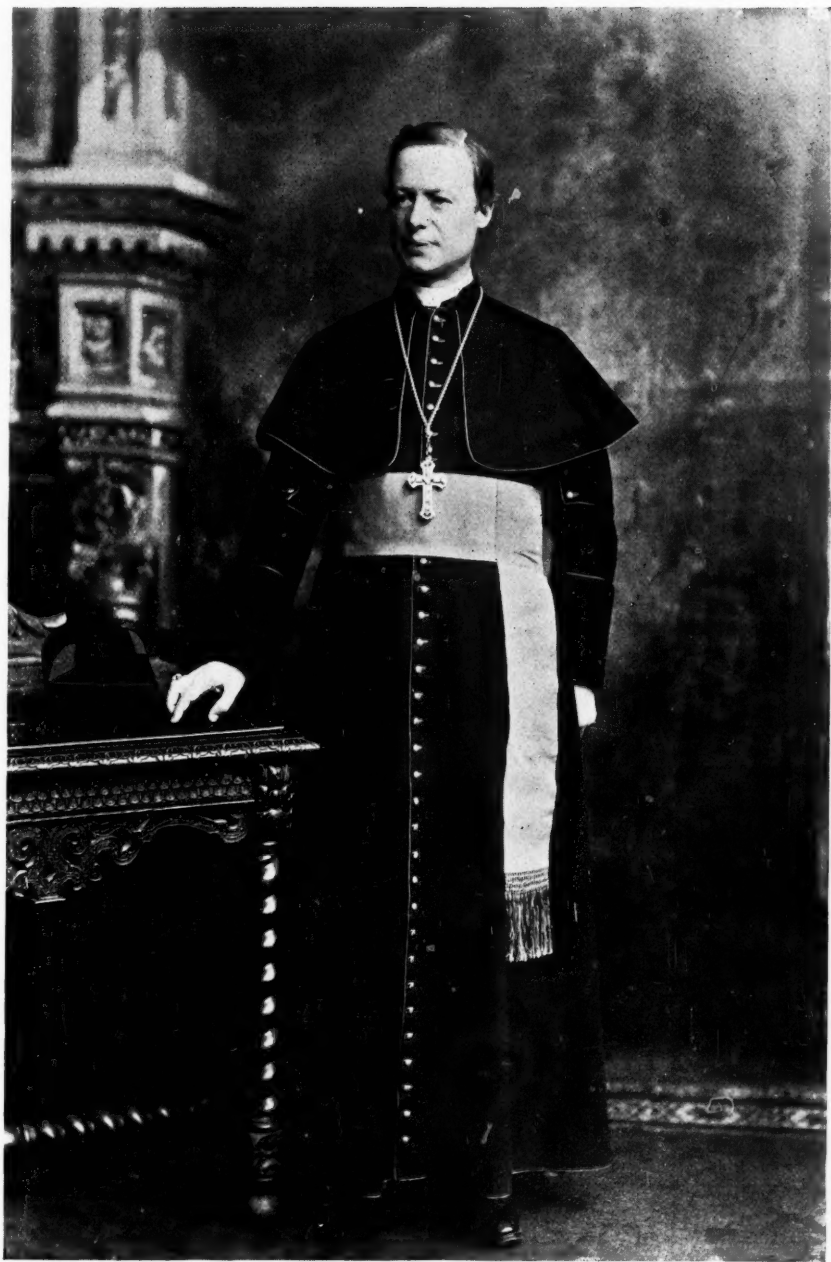
The new parish thus founded was in charge of Bishop Carroll of Baltimore for many years, and he designated its pastors; but in 1815 a bishop was appointed for the New York district, which then passed out of the control of

Baltimore. A bishop had in fact been appointed seven years earlier, and had been consecrated in Rome; but he never reached his diocese. He was detained in Naples through the troubles raised by Napoleon, and died there before he could continue his journey.

Of the five bishops who succeeded him only three are well known to the present generation—John Hughes, who became the first archbishop of New York; John McCloskey, who became the first American cardinal; and the present archbishop, Michael Corrigan. Under the first named, immigration from Ireland and Germany raised the see of New York to an important position



St. Francis Xavier's Church.



Archbishop Corrigan.

From a photograph by Anderson, New York.

among the great dioceses of the world, and encouraged Dr. Hughes to begin the building of the cathedral, at present the finest church structure on the American continent.

a critical moment in the civil war, to prevent Napoleon III from joining England in a project of recognizing the South as a belligerent power. He was an aggressive character, and so impressed his



Vicar General Farley.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

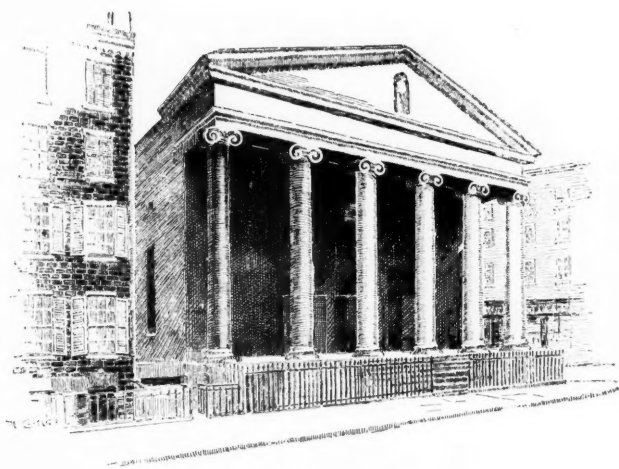
Hughes was a man of great ability and energy, and not only governed his diocese, but assisted by his influence in shaping the policy of the state. His speeches and addresses on public questions were a potent factor in settling some of the problems of his time. President Lincoln sent him to France at

policy on the church in America that it has been followed ever since.

Cardinal McCloskey devoted himself to the completion of the great cathedral, to the development of his growing diocese, and to a quiet carrying out of the church policy of Hughes. In his time the questions which have disturbed the

administration of Archbishop Corrigan were dormant, and the cardinal did his utmost to keep them so. He succeeded, and his administration of more than two decades was very peaceful; but as these questions had to be discussed and settled at one time or another, they came to the front after his death, and for some years have held the interest and the attention not only of churchmen but of the general public.

The growth of the Catholic Church in New York has been as remarkable as the growth of the city itself. In 1786 the first church was built, and a handful of worshipers frequented it. Today there are probably eight hundred thousand Catholics within the city limits, and one hundred churches and chapels, with an average of six public



St. Peter's Church, Barclay Street.

masses each Sunday, are needed to accommodate the thousands who attend. Over three hundred priests are engaged in the work of the parishes, assisted in the charitable and educational departments by twenty five hundred members of religious communities. Thirty seven thousand boys and girls attend the col-



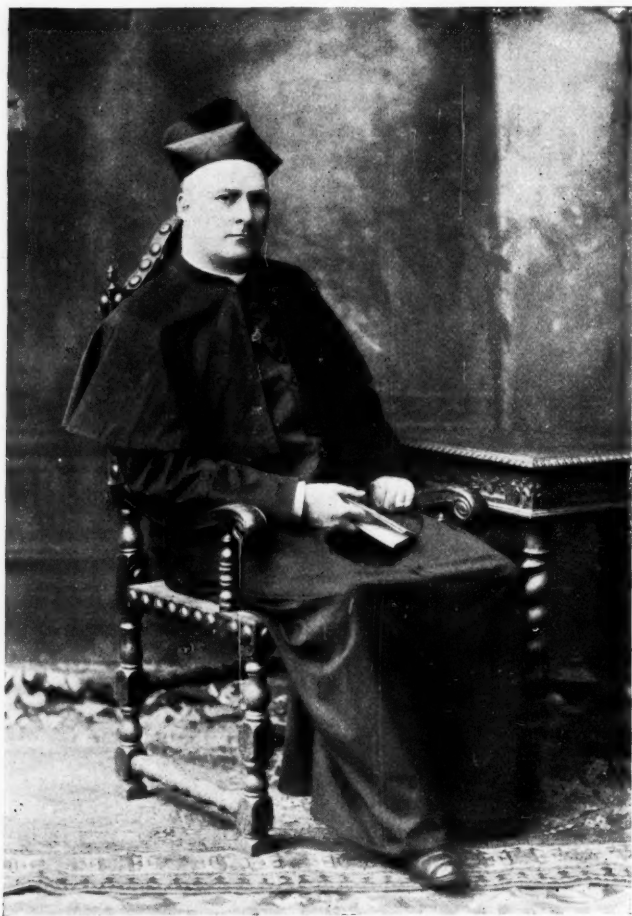
Vicar General Monney.

From a photograph by Remistard, Newburgh, N. Y.



The Rev. Charles McCready.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.



The Rev. M. C. O'Farrell.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

leges, convents, and parochial schools. The charity institutions shelter thirty thousand destitute. The voluntary associations for particular purposes, such as the temperance societies, the young men's clubs, the benefit organizations, charity guilds, and religious circles, number a quarter million of members. There is hardly a diocese in the world which ranks with New York in the activity and piety of its people, in the success of its undertakings, and in the amounts of money given for church purposes.

The successful growth of the church is due to two things—heavy immigra-

tion from Europe, and careful organization under capable leaders. The first gave the numbers, the second kept them in the church and directed their energies in safe channels. From the close of the Revolutionary war the Irish have poured into New York in a steady stream that has known no abatement up to the present time. Their English rulers encouraged them to leave a land which misrule had practically destroyed, and America attracted them by its opportunities. The Irish immigration was followed in time by the German, and later on came the Italians, the Hungarians, and the Poles,



James R. Smith

SOME LEADING CATHOLIC CLERGYMEN OF NEW YORK.

The Rev. Andrew Clancy.

The Rev. Henry A. Brann.

The Rev. John J. Kean.

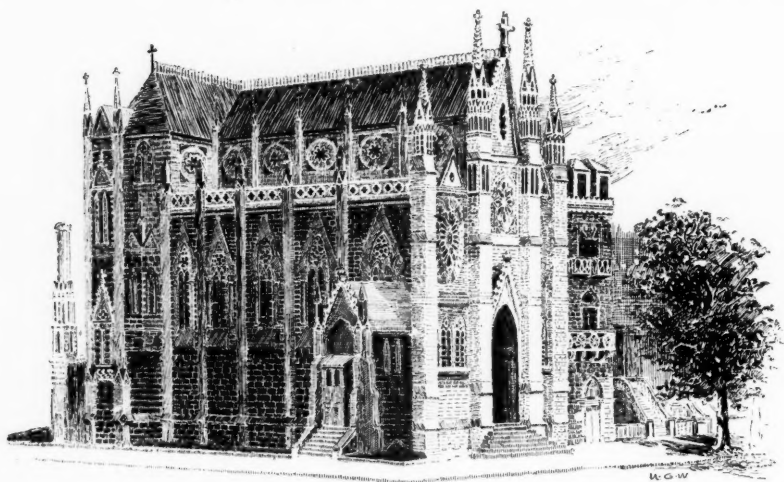
The Rev. M. J. Lavelle.

[From a copyrighted photograph by Anderson, New York.]

The Rev. George Deshon.

The Rev. Augustine F. Hewitt.

The Rev. Frederic Wayrich.



All Saints' Church.

For the most part the Germans settled in the West, while the others remained in New York. Hence, of the churches and chapels in the city, the great majority are in possession of the Irish and their descendants, the Germans having thirteen and the Italians five, with six belonging to various other nationalities. In

the churches of these last named the language of the parishioners is spoken, and the priests and religious in charge are always of their own race.

Altogether eight nationalities are already represented by separate parishes and churches in the city, and the work of the diocesan authorities is made cor-



The Rev. John McQuirk.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



The Rev. John Kearney.

From a photograph by Wood, New York.

respondingly arduous in providing them with priests and teachers. Their number is likely to increase as long as Europe continues in its unsettled condition, and our government permits irresponsible steamship companies to flood the country with the victims of Asiatic taxation. Were it not for the superior organization of the church, the task of supplying the needs of these people might easily prove impossible.

In the Catholic church the center of diocesan life is the bishop. He has a very large share in the administration of temporal and spiritual affairs, and holds his commission direct from Rome, to whom alone he is responsible for the manner in which he conducts the business of the diocese. From him every priest receives permission to work under his jurisdiction; and the religious orders enter the diocese only at his invitation, though they remain at the pleasure of their superiors thereafter. The parishes are founded, their limits defined, and their pastors named, by him. Of the ordinary lay congregations he is the superior. No charity institution can be founded without his permission, and all the officials of the diocese are appointed and hold office at his pleasure. He is a trustee in every church corporation, and is required on assuming office to make a will bequeathing this property to his successor.

With so much power in his hands it is possible for a Catholic bishop in the United States to make or mar his diocese. New York has been fortunate in its rulers, who have all been faithful administrators, whatever else may be said of them.

The stranger who makes a study of the church buildings alone cannot but be impressed with the energy of the priests and people in this one department. Many of them have been built with more haste than discretion, owing to the pressing need of providing the fast growing population with places of worship; but all are becoming in their general features, while not a few possess architectural beauty, and the interior furnishing is always interesting and beautiful.

As has been said, St. Peter's, on Barclay Street, was the first Catholic church in the city. As the need was felt, there sprang up St. Patrick's, on Mott Street, the first cathedral; St. Mary's, on Grand Street; St. James', on James Street; St. Theresa's, on Rutgers Street; St. Andrew's, near the City Hall; and St. Joseph's, at the foot of Sixth Avenue, once the old Greenwich village. These buildings have little beside their age to attract attention, although the spaciousness and dignity of St. Patrick's, and the portico of St. Peter's, are worthy of mention. Within the last ten years their pastors have beautified the interiors at very considerable expense, and have brought them into harmony with modern taste.

These are the churches of the first period, when time and money could not be spent generously. In the second period more attention was paid to architectural style and very good results were obtained in following Gothic models. The Redemptorist Church, in South Fifth Avenue, near Grand Street; the Capuchin Church, at Thirty First Street and Seventh Avenue; St. Gabriel's, on East Thirty Seventh Street; and St. John's, on East Fifty Fifth Street, are good examples of an improved taste and a larger opportunity in this field. A desire for superior decoration led some builders to neglect the more important matters of durable material and graceful construction; but this evil has not yet done serious injury, and has at least resulted in greater appreciation of the art of the frescoer, the altar builder, and the worker in stained glass.

Three churches recently erected afford a hint of what may be looked for during the next ten years. The Jesuit Church, on West Sixteenth Street, is a fair specimen of what is called the Roman style, and possesses a remarkably ornate façade and interior. The Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, on East Ninetieth Street, is a modified Gothic, rich in ornamentation, and having a façade not often seen in American churches. All Saints', on upper Madison Avenue, the latest addition to the beautiful churches of the city, is all light and color, and

takes first place in novelty of construction and adornment.

There is much to be commended, too, in the severe Paulist Church, on West Sixtieth Street, in the new St. Michael's, on West Thirty First Street, and in Epiphany Church, on Second Avenue. Great attention has been paid of late to interior adornment and to splendor in public ceremonies. Beautiful altars, rich vestments, chancel choirs, congregational singing, and exact ritual distinguish many churches, while all possess one or more of these features.

It is needless to say much about the Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, so familiar have Americans become with the noblest church structure on the continent. In its present state it is still incomplete. The plans of the architect, Renwick, call for numerous further details, which will add a million to the millions already spent on it. Its simplicity is often a disappointment to visitors, and a few incongruities of ornament disappoint the artist. Nevertheless, its superiority is unquestioned. It has been the inspiration of many an architect, and more than one superb structure, in New York and out of it, owes its existence to the emulation inspired by the erection of St. Patrick's.

It was built by the people. An old slander has been going the rounds, that stolen public money helped to construct it. Dr. Field, editor of the *Evangelist*, recently laid bare the falsehood by securing from Henry R. Beekman, formerly corporation counsel, a straightforward history of the cathedral site, in its passage through the hands of various owners, until it came to be owned by the cathedral trustees. This document showed that the land had not been in the city's possession since 1799, and that the cathedral trustees had bought it at a fair price from private parties in the year 1829. The building was erected by degrees with the offerings of the people, and was not ready for occupation until twenty years after it was begun, a fact which tells strongly against the assertion, made without proof, that the cathedral was built out of the public funds.

The departments of education and

charity in the New York diocese are large and active, and make heavy demands on the energy of the priests and the religious congregations, by which are meant the communities of men or women devoted to teaching the young, and to caring for the helpless. Two thousand women in the societies of Mercy, Charity, Divine Compassion, the Good Shepherd, St. Francis, St. Dominic, Notre Dame, and the Sacred Heart, are entirely engaged in the work of charity and teaching. The Jesuits and the Christian Brothers are devoted to teaching in the colleges, the latter also in the church schools.

Without the aid of these congregations works of charity would not be carried on with anything like the same success or to the same extent. The members of the societies labor for their mere support on the plainest of food and of clothing. In the parochial schools the religious teachers receive a salary of two hundred dollars a year, and do not confine their services to official hours. They visit the sick or neglectful pupils, teach often in the catechism schools, and make themselves useful in many ways.

The principal colleges are the Fordham and St. Francis Xavier institutions, in charge of the Jesuits, and the Manhattan and De La Salle, in charge of the Christian Brothers. The last was once the well known Charlier Institute. The parochial schools educate thirty five thousand children, and many of the school buildings, like St. Monica's, St. Agnes', and the Cathedral schools, are equal to the best. The orphan asylums, near the cathedral, are fine structures, and shelter a thousand children. The Protectory at West Chester is the most remarkable institution of its kind in the world. In its charge are over twenty two hundred boys and girls, who are taught various trades, and help to support the charity which cares for them.

On East Eighty First Street, and at Pelham, the Sisters of Mercy have two orphanages for a thousand children. There are asylums for the aged, for women pregnant, for foundlings, and societies for nursing the sick, and in particular for nursing the sick poor in their homes.

The Drumgoole Home, on Lafayette Place, looks after working boys to the number of three hundred, and has a Staten Island home for nearly three thousand orphans. The insane have an asylum; six hospitals care for the sick; and day nurseries are becoming numerous and popular.

The charities of a smaller kind, carried on by private persons, are also plentiful, and although the diocese has no special society to look after foreign missions, the amount of money it contributes to charities abroad is out of all proportion to its wealth. For thirty years it has been the chosen field of European agents representing needy missions.

An outline of the immense work done in the diocese of New York justifies the claim that it holds first rank among the great dioceses of the world. A natural interest in the priests and people who have brought it to its present preëminence warrants an inquiry into their personalities. The work is carried on, it must be remembered, by the voluntary offerings of the people. The church in America has no endowments.

It is probable that no city in the world has so strong a series of organizations as the Catholics of New York. The Society of the Holy Name, for instance, has five thousand members, all grown men, devoted to securing reverence and respect for the name of God, and to charitable works besides. The conferences of St. Vincent de Paul have a system of charity which takes in every form of human distress, spiritual and physical, and have twelve hundred members. The mutual aid societies, parish guilds, young men's clubs, and debt paying associations, are innumerable, and are all under the direction of the clergy, who manage them with tact and skill.

As a rule Catholic priests have a horror of notoriety similar to that felt by military men. They are of course a military body in education and in spirit. Their school and seminary training is exactly that of the West Point cadet. Their discipline is not far from military in its severity and exclusiveness, and its tradition is stronger than its actual rules.

Hence the American public finds it difficult to understand the priest, while it respects his work, and wonders at his power among his people. Hence, too, the common supposition that the Catholic clergy are a colorless body in the matter of opinion, thinking and speaking only as their superiors permit. On the contrary, they think very liberally; but in the art of silence, except among themselves, they are masters.

The Archbishop of New York, Mgr. Corrigan, is a typical ecclesiastic in every respect. He devotes himself to the diocesan work, and refuses to be lured from it. Notoriety is so much a dread to him that it is difficult to get him to speak even under pressure of necessity on public matters. His life is one round of duties so incessant and so wearing that their performance is a wonder. He has a policy and a will, as recent events, well known to the people, have made plain, and in following both he has shown a determination as firm as would be expected from the boldest politician.

The fact that a minority refused to support him indicates the presence of some differences in a clerical body supposed to have no differences. The Jesuits, for instance, represent one current of thought in the diocese, and the Paulists represent another, while the Franciscans stand for a third quite as distinct as the other two. They differ not in regard to doctrine, but in the application of principles; and the criticism of their partisans is interesting and stimulating to all three.

The present Jesuit Provincial, the Rev. William Pardow; the Rev. Thomas Campbell, rector of the Jesuit College; and his associate, the Rev. M. J. Halpine, are representative Jesuits, all natives, all positive characters, bold within Jesuit limits, cautious in thought and expression on all other ground, and devoted to conservatism.

The Rev. Frederic Wayrich, an eminent member of the Redemptorist society, has been identified with the diocese for twenty years, and has represented the religious orders in the diocesan council for a long time, winning the esteem of

the clergy generally by his character and conduct.

The Paulist congregation, again, stands for a set of opinions which has provoked as much favorable and adverse criticism as a society could desire. Its founder, the Rev. Isaac Hecker, wrote books whose interpretation of Catholic principles made the sensitive conservatives turn pale. The present superior, the Rev. Augustine Hewit, is the son of a Connecticut minister. His assistant, the Rev. George Deshon, was a lieutenant in the army and a classmate of Grant at West Point. One of the noted Paulist preachers, the Rev. Walter Elliott, who also served in the late war, is now conducting alone the first direct mission to non Catholics in this country. Their society has made a feature of congregational singing, and of the use of the press in their mission work.

The leaders among the secular clergy are a positive set of men. Mgr. Farley, the vicar general, is probably the most representative clergyman in the diocese; a model ecclesiastic, prudent, of generous views, but too conservative in the expression of them. He preaches well, and in church politics holds the difficult position of being trusted by all parties. The second vicar general, the Rev. Joseph Mooney, is one of the noted and able preachers of the diocese, who has little to say outside of the pulpit, and has enjoyed success as an administrator. The Rev. John E. Burke devotes himself to the colored people, and gave up the ordinary career of a priest to assume a heavy burden. The Rev. James Flood is known as a strong and successful advocate of temperance, and has figured in public affairs as a determined foe of the liquor interests. The Rev. John Kearney, of the old cathedral on Mott Street, the Rev. James McGean, of St. Peter's, and the Rev. M. C. O'Farrell, of St. Theresa's, are three leaders who, from

long and successful labors in the diocese, have a large influence and following and a high standing. The Rev. Charles Colton won distinction by accepting Dr. McGlynn's parish at a time when the acceptance meant heroism, and by conducting it ever since in the paths of harmony and prosperity. Dr. Charles McCready, of Holy Cross parish, presides over one of the most successful churches in the country, and is also a priest in esteem with the various parties. Dr. Burtzell, well known to the public as Dr. McGlynn's ecclesiastical lawyer, is famous as a protester against much in the existing order of things, who makes it a point never to be outside the law. Rector Lavelle of the cathedral discharges with tact the duties of a delicate and difficult position as pastor of the premier parish of the diocese.

Although the priests are constant preachers, pulpit orators are rare among them, owing to the amount of pastoral work done, and also to an indifferent training in this respect in the seminaries. Dr. Brann, Vicar General Mooney, the Paulists, Woodman and Elliott, and the Jesuits, Pardow and Halpine, have a wide and deserved reputation as strong, original, and graceful preachers. Writers—with the single exception of Hewit, the Paulist superior—are few, not eminent, and their productions are mostly of a transient character.

The next generation will see fine preachers and good writers more numerous. Archbishop Corrigan has almost completed a grand seminary for the training of priests, in which he hopes to place a faculty that will educate the priesthood up to the exacting demands made upon it in this age. For the missionary of today must not only be a theologian; he must be also a builder, an educator, a speaker, a writer, a financier, and a man ever ready to give a capable interview on the topics of the time.



THE DAUGHTER OF FESTUS HANKS.*

By Robert McDonald.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

MADLINE WESSEX, daughter of the millionaire George Wessex, loves Jack Selwyn, who is in her father's employ. But Wessex, who has risen from obscurity in the West and come to New York to display his wealth, is ambitious that his child shall make a brilliant match, and refuses his consent to the engagement. Selwyn leaves the house in despondent mood, and falls in with his friend Bramford, Wessex' lawyer, who takes him to the theater to see the famous English actress, Eleanor Besant. Here they find Claggett, the editor of a newspaper, who invites them to go with him to visit the actress. In her apartments they meet Blake, the author of her play, who tells them that Miss Besant's real name is Rose Hanks. He explains furthermore that she is the daughter of a sailor in Liverpool, who deserted his family, although his wife persists in believing that he was drowned.

The next day Wessex sends for Bramford and asks him to discover who sent to the *Herald* office an advertisement asking for information of Festus Hanks of Liverpool. Bramford recalls that Eleanor Besant's real name is Hanks, and he decides that whoever this Hanks may be, the famous actress is his daughter.

Selwyn is invited by the Hartleys, friends of Miss Besant, to take supper with her after the theater. The actress learns that he is in love with Madeline Wessex, and Hartley tells her of the marvelous rise of George Wessex. A young man in the party chimes in with a reporter's story of a sailor who claims to know secrets of Wessex' life; and Miss Besant invites the young man to bring the reporter to see her.

That evening Blake shows her a newspaper which contains the story of her life, and her father's name as Festus Hanks. Blake has developed a hatred for Miss Besant, and has told the story of her life to the newspapers to vex her. Wessex sees the story, and sending for Bramford tells him that Festus Hanks was his friend, but that he died in 1870 at Elko, Nevada. He asks Bramford to go to Miss Besant and tell her so.

The actress receives the news of her father's death with a sadness which touches Bramford. After him comes the reporter, who fixes firmly in her mind her suspicion that George Wessex is Festus Hanks. She sends him to look for the sailor.

Next Selwyn comes to see her, and with the scheming brain which lets neither threads nor opportunities drop, she recalls that she has heard that Wessex dislikes Selwyn. If she is to put herself in her proper place as the millionaire's daughter, she must first estrange him from Madeline. The best way is to bring in the hated lover. She encourages Selwyn to go back to Madeline, and he leaves her filled with a sense of her charm and goodness.

XIII.

"SINCE Miss Besant proves to be the daughter of an old friend of yours, I do not see why you do not let me ask her here to stay."

"Hardly an old friend," Wessex said

**This story began in the January, 1894, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Back numbers can be had from the publishers, or from any newsdealer, at ten cents each.*

wearily. His face, with its thin lines and compressed lips, looked more bloodless than usual. He was trying to eat his breakfast, which stood upon a light table by the side of his chair. The winter sun came cheerfully in at the wide windows, and made a beautiful atmosphere about Madeline's head, but brought out her father's face with painful distinctness.

"Well, if not an old friend, then an old acquaintance. She is very anxious to meet you as soon as you are well enough to see her. She is so gentle, you might see her any time."

"Do you like her so much?"

"She is charming."

"But what would people say at your having an actress stay in the house?" Mr. Wessex suggested.

"People say!" Madeline looked at her father in astonishment. "Why, papa, I never in all my life knew you to care what people said. And besides, everybody in London, and here, invites Miss Besant. She was quite the center of everything at Mrs. Hartley's dinner. She is so *great*, so self contained, that there is no question as to your receiving *her*. It is all a matter of her receiving you. She has as much of that masterful way as you have," and Madeline laughed lightly.

She admired her father extravagantly, and was seldom afraid to say anything to him. In these days she was so happy in her new understanding with Selwyn that there had come to her a sprightliness, a beaming happiness, such as she had never known before. She had not told her father, because in some way it had not seemed to be his affair.

Selwyn had told her all of Miss Besant's advice, and Madeline, with her generous girl's nature, had seen in her a model of kindness and worldly wisdom. They had gone together into a little room which Mrs. Hartley had curtained off, hung with embroideries, cushioned with Turkish divans, and lighted by quaint hanging lamps, and

to which she had given the name of "the ingle nook." The fire of this ingle, though, was down in the basement in the furnace.

The two girls had attracted considerable attention. Both were conspicuous by reason of a charm of personality. In Miss Besant it was the essence of power; in Madeline, the beauty of youth. Each was dressed exquisitely, one in white, and the other in black; one belonging to the aristocracy of money, and the other to the aristocracy of genius. They sat together upon Mrs. Hartley's mass of colored cushions, and Madeline told the other woman every heart throb she had. It had been drawn out of her, she hardly knew how, and she had gone home feeling that at last she had a woman friend. And she was so proud of her. As yet, she had not seen her act. Miss Besant had looked at her with a shadow over her great black eyes, and had asked her not to come to see "The Other House."

"You would get a wrong idea of me," she had said. "It would be impossible to disentangle us again. That play is not an expression of my character, and yet it is my art to so represent it." And Madeline had not gone.

"Her companion, Miss Lord, is not at all well, and although she is so devoted to Miss Besant that she says she will not leave her, they are going to send her to Lakewood for a little while. I thought, if you did not mind, I would ask Miss Besant to come and stay with me at that time."

Wessex sat for a long time looking into the fire behind its great fender. The light twinkled on the grotesque figures that formed its ornaments, and they seemed to be enjoying what they saw in Wessex' narrowing eyes.

"Have her here if you like," he said finally.

"May I? How delightful! Not that I am at all sure of her coming, but I do know that she wants to see you, and I think her delightful. I am going to sit right down here and write it."

She walked over to the desk beside which her father's chair stood, and began looking through the neatly arranged drawers.

"What are you doing there?" Wessex asked sharply.

"Now don't be cross. I am only looking for some respectable writing paper. I cannot write to Miss Besant upon legal cap, or whatever you call this lined stuff."

"You will find some in that lower drawer there—the one with the crest carved on the front."

But Madeline had picked up a paper which was in one of the drawers, and her face had grown pale as she looked at it. She held it almost as though she were afraid of it.

"Oh, papa!" she said.

"Put that down. Why do you touch my papers!" Then, seeing the hurt expression upon her face—the face which was so dear to him—he put out his hand and drew her to him. "My dear, it is very stupid of you to see anything uncanny about my will. I know that most women have such a feeling, but it is absurd. As though I were going to die one day sooner because of it! But I want to feel, and I want you to feel, that when I am dead your future is provided for, whatever happens—whatever happens."

"What could happen? Why need you make a will at all? Am I not your only child, everything you have? It makes me shiver to think of it."

She held his head against her bosom as she sat upon the arm of his chair, and gave it a little pressure as she spoke.

"Perhaps," Wessex said deliberately, "to save you from fortune hunters."

Madeline stood up, and then went over to the window.

"And so I may ask Miss Besant?" she said presently. "I will go up to my room and write the letter."

XIV.

MISS BESANT drove up to the door of the Wessex house in the Wessex victoria, one of the stylish high backed vehicles which have appeared in New York within the past few years. This one was painted dark blue, with a crest upon a panel in the back which had brought a queer lift to Miss Besant's short upper lip.

As it swung into the court, and stopped before the great front door, the footman alighted from his seat and stood for the actress to descend. She never made a stage entrance with greater dignity than she took that one step to the door. She turned and looked about her as the great portal opened, and there was in her eye a light which had never been there before. It was as one stepping upon a mountain top; as one drawing a deep breath after the first victorious heat of a race.

Madeline met her guest at the door, with a greeting in which eager hospitality was blended with almost wondering admiration.

"How good of you to come to us," she said, taking Miss Besant's hand; "to us who are so quiet now."

"You mean how good it is of you to ask me. What a great, beautiful home you have! It is like the palace of a king. It is grander than most of them."

"I know nothing about palaces," Madeline returned, leading her guest up the noble staircase, which wound across the back of the hall. "I have never been abroad—in that way. Father says that he wants me to be presented to the queen, because he thinks it a ceremonial I should enjoy, and says I should meet a number of delightful people. My grandmother was presented at court. Have you ever been?"

"No. Ah, no! But—the agreeable people! They are few and far between. I have met most of them—at least most of the men. They were usually anything but delightful."

"It makes little difference to me," Madeline said lightly, and then, as Miss Besant turned and looked at her, her face crimsoned. She gave a little laugh, and the hand upon the actress' arm touched it with a light pressure. "How can I ever thank you?" she whispered.

Rose took the pretty face between her hands and kissed her. It was the kiss of a mother or an elder sister. The big black eyes were solemn, and the corners of the mouth were drawn in. The big hat, with its cluster of feathers standing up at the side, and the great ruffle of black velvet under her white chin, accented Rose's face. Her garments never suggested the theater, but everything she wore took on something of her own individuality.

"I wonder if I could ever tell a happy girl like you, what it is to have *friends*—to have some one to give confidences to you, to come to you, to want you? There has been so little love in my life. Let me hope that you are going to give me a little."

Madeline kissed her warmly.

"You are going to have a great deal. Did you not bring *everything* back to me? Come in and see the rooms I have prepared for you."

Rose clasped her hands in real delight. The rooms were a suite of four, and money and art and maidenly care had made them beautiful. The sitting room was arranged for comfort, with Turkish divans, and easy chairs, and screens, and little tables holding flowers and books.

"You are too good to me," she said again. "When am I to see your father?"

"Papa? Oh, yes! How stupid I am. I know how anxious you are to see him, and indeed he wants to see you, but he is such an invalid now! After dinner, perhaps."

"But I must go to the theater then."

"Ah, yes! I will see now."

But Rose held her. "No! No!" She was not ready to see Wessex yet. When that meeting came, she preferred to be fresh for it; she wished to come to it with every power of person and mind alert and ready to conquer.

"Nothing would induce me to see your father before he sends for me. Sit down, won't you? I suppose you cannot understand my eagerness to hear of my own father—you who have always had a father."

There was a note of sadness in the flexible voice. She took off the big velvet hat and laid it upon the table beside her, and sat with her black gloved hands demurely crossed in her lap.

"It was through my father that you learned of your father's death, was it not?" Madeline asked sympathetically.

"Yes. He was with him when he died. Think of it! I had always been so sure of his being alive. I knew, it seemed to me, that he was alive. And to have all my hopes shattered like this! To know that all that is left of them is a lonely grave up there in the mountains. It nearly breaks my heart to think of his coming all this way, and then to die. I have lost him over again in this knowledge."

"I have some idea of your feeling," Madeline said. "A few days ago I went into father's room, and was fumbling over some papers, and I found—his will in his desk. It gave me a terrible start. I have thought of father as being ill, as suffering, but truly I had never before thought it possible that he might—*die*."

"But that was another evidence that you were ever and always in his mind. It was you he was caring for. Why should he make a will when you are all he has, except to insure your having everything?"

"Of course," Madeline said, but her thoughts were on other things. She was imagining what her life would be without her father, who, while he was stern to every one else, was tender and indulgent to her. Her eyes filled with tears.

"It seemed odd that he should keep his will in his desk, though. I should think his lawyer would have it."

"He keeps a great many papers of importance near him. I suppose, however, he will give it to Mr. Bramford. I wish he would burn up the gruesome thing."

Miss Besant laughed a reassuring little laugh and went over and took Madeline's hands.

"Let us not borrow trouble, my dear. If

live men's wills were all that we had to trouble us, life would be sweet. I am not going to dress until my maid comes. Indeed, if you will allow me, I will wear this gown to dinner. I so dislike dressing over and over. Will you not come and show me through the house? It is so full of beautiful things which I am so curious to see. I have heard of the great picture gallery."

"It is too big," Madeline said gravely. "It would suit you, but I am lost in it."

As they passed the entrance of the room where Wessex sat through most of his days, they met Bramford coming out, closing the door carefully behind him. He looked at the two young women with an interest which was thrilling to himself. He seemed to feel a premonition of events.

Rose stopped and spoke to him with the greatest cordiality, tempered with a sadness which made him know that she had not forgotten that it was he who had brought her the recent news of her father's death. Although it was a bereavement so old, it was recent and fresh to the daughter, as she made him feel.

Bramford had met Miss Besant several times since the day when Wessex had sent him to her, and each time he had come away more and more impressed by the seeming simplicity of her character, and more and more puzzled by a something underneath. The two had sat together and talked through afternoon calls, and had grown to be quite friends, after a surface fashion; but all the time Bramford had an uneasy consciousness as if a mental finger were probing in his brain, finding all sorts of hidden things. He had a constant experience of closing doors into which an eye seemed to be looking.

He had come down the hall after one of these visits to Miss Besant's hotel, saying to himself that she was "infernally deep," and then he had apologized to her for having such a thought, all in his own mind. Whatever she was, she had never given him any infernal suggestions. He had brought away from every interview a new belief in her power, a respect for her ability to take care of herself, and a wonder as to how much she knew. He had lost all doubt in his own mind as to her identity, and he was waiting with an interest which was more than the casual notice he usually gave to such external things, for the meeting between the two.

"If she is his daughter, and he knows it, and she knows it, that coming together will be a scene for history," Bramford said to himself.

"How is papa after your talk? I fear these long talks," Madeline began. "I wish I could get him to drop business altogether. It cannot be necessary that he should go over so much of the work of the office himself."

"I thought you were going to take him to the south of France." There was perfect gravity in Bramford's eyes, but Madeline's face flushed, and she turned aside. Ten days ago Bramford would not have given her even so slight a cause for offense; but valuing people as he did for their possessions, for their possible usefulness to himself, and constantly keeping before his eyes the wonderful, the dazzling fact that Rose Hanks was the real daughter of this house, he had lost some of his fine reverence for Madeline. To him she had never appeared as the beautiful young girl, but as the heiress to a hundred million dollars.

Bramford had lain awake upon long nights, and imagined himself spending the income of millions. He looked at other men, not half as clever as he, who had made great fortunes, in many cases through advice which he had himself given them. For years he had wondered; but there had come, with larger experience, a deeper knowledge of human nature, and of that aggregation of human nature which we call the world. He saw how his own sensitiveness, his sense of humor, had been an obstacle in his path. Where other men were so thick skinned, so obtuse, that they had no outside view of themselves, they moved with twice the courage.

When smokeless powder was invented, old generals said that a clear view of the battle field would work more mischief with the nerves of the soldiers than a clear sight of the enemy would conduce to victory. Bramford's mind was so clear that there had never been any possibilities hidden. He had never been a coward, but in his own affairs he had been cautious to failure. He saw many things with too imaginative eyes. Another phase of this same quality showed in the vision of Miss Besant conquering Wessex as she had conquered every one else, and entering triumphantly into what he felt was absolutely her own.

"I will go in and speak to father," Madeline said, "if you will entertain Miss Besant for a moment."

"Keep me from losing myself in this great place," the actress replied; and as Madeline closed the door after her, "Is this the door to Mr. Wessex' room?"

"His bed room? Oh, no! This is only a sort of library where he sits during the day,

where he sees people and keeps his books and papers. His own rooms are in a different part of the house. He is brought in here every morning, and sits all day; or rather he brings himself. He is not half so ill as most people think. He dislikes seeing people, active exercise, and all that sort of thing; and this is an easy way of getting out of it."

"Why should you tell me this? Am I one of the people he dislikes to see?"

"No. He may be ignorant of the fact, but you are one of the people he will delight to see. Mr. Wessex is not eccentric—altogether."

"It seems to me, from what his daughter tells me"—Miss Besant carried a lorgnette upon a pearl strung chain, and now she sprung the glasses from their pearl monogrammed handle and put them up to her eyes, and looked at the ceiling of the hall as though she had no other interest in life—"it seems to me, from what his daughter tells me, that Mr. Wessex must be eccentric in some ways."

"For example?"

"Well, it isn't usual, is it, for a man to keep his will lying about in his sitting room?"

"Does Mr. Wessex do that?"

"His daughter said that he did—that she had seen it there yesterday, or some time recently."

Bramford looked at her, and there came into his suspicious mind a thread, which he held with a firm mental grasp. Miss Besant had made but one mistake. She had not found any reason for believing that Bramford connected Wessex with the dead and buried Festus Hanks. What was Wessex to her but an object of idle curiosity, as an eccentric millionaire? She knew Bramford well enough, and Wessex was so entirely a public personage that they might discuss him even here.

Bramford became in a measure confidential. He was anxious above all things to know how much this young woman knew or suspected.

"There could be no particular reason, of course, for Mr. Wessex' being careful of his will. He has only one heir, his daughter. If anything should happen to it, there might be an old servant or two who would lose a legacy; but what possible reason could there be for his not being careless with it? Although I confess that it might be called eccentric for a man to will away an empire, and leave the document lying upon the library table." And Mr. Bramford looked as though he might have poured out streams

of valuable but unheeded advice to careless millionaires.

"Will you stay and have dinner with us, Mr. Bramford?" Madeline said, coming back to them. We are going to dine early."

"And then I suppose you are going to the theater to see 'The Other House.'"

"No! No!" Miss Besant said. "I have a desire to keep one friend who does not associate me with horrors. Orders have been given at the door that Miss Wessex is not to be admitted."

"But she will be waiting for your return—to hear of your triumphs."

"Indeed, no. One of my express stipulations has been that Miss Wessex is to be safe in her own room. I am not going to disorganize this household by my Bohemian ways. I am going to have a latch key."

"I will not stay to dinner, thank you, Miss Wessex," Bramford said; "but I may run in for a moment this evening to see your father again. He wants some advice which I am to try to give him then."

It was almost ten o'clock when Bramford came back that evening. As the man let him in he walked toward Mr. Wessex' library door. The man knew him very well. "Mr. Wessex has retired, sir, I think," he said very respectfully.

"Probably. I am going into the library to do some work. It is not necessary to say that I am here, and if I work until late, I will let myself out."

Mr. Bramford's work could hardly have been important. For almost an hour it consisted in a slow march up and down the long room, with sometimes a halt at the windows which opened upon the avenue. He would stand in the shadow of the heavy curtains and look out as though he were expecting some one. Once he stopped in his walk and laid a heavy paper upon the desk, which was partly open.

The fire had died down, leaving only the red embers in a glowing bed. Bramford had turned off the lights except about the desk. There a soft white ball of electricity glowed. Between the desk and the window there was a tall screen. Three priceless Dutch panels by famous artists had been mounted in ebony and dull silver to shield the Colorado miner from the draughts. Bramford suddenly turned from the window and sat down in a heavy chair behind the screen. He had been in the room for almost two hours. He put back his head against the cushions and sat like a sleeper.

There was a soft little sound presently, and the great door swung slowly open. It

made no noise. The *frou-frou* of silken skirts coming over the heavy carpet was the only vibration upon the air. There was no indecision in that sound, however. It went straight to the desk, and stopped.

Bramford slowly rose in his chair, and his eyes came upon a level with the open scroll work in the top of the screen. He stood for an instant, and then walked into the circle of light.

Miss Besant looked up from the paper she was reading, with entire composure. The leaves in her hand did not rustle. She might have been reading the morning paper, and have looked up to see her maid.

Bramford started half a dozen sentences, but they all stuck in his throat. He had never seen so handsome a creature. She was in the beautiful gown of the last act of her play. Tonight the stage coloring was still upon her face. Her eyes were like two fires, Bramford thought, as they caught a ray of the electricity and showed the claret through the black of their coloring. Her perfectly curved upper lip was drawn back sharply from her teeth, in a smile which seemed to hold the situation.

"Well?" she said interrogatively.

"You seem to be interested in Mr. Wessex's will."

"I am."

Her coolness put something into Bramford's nerves that had never been there before. He took the arm, the bare white arm, nearest him, with all the force of his slender hand, but she only met his eyes with hers, unflinchingly.

"Why?"

She did not answer.

"Why, I say?"

"What is it to you? I am interested in the fact that every penny of this money is left away from Madeline in case she marries John Selwyn. Madeline is my friend. She loves Selwyn, and Selwyn is my friend."

"You are a strange woman, indeed, to take so much care for a woman friend, one you met only a little while ago. The disinterestedness of your heart is beautiful. I find by closer acquaintance more and more to admire."

Miss Besant laughed in his face—and Bramford flushed. His cheap sarcasm seemed so unnecessary.

"What is it for?" he blurted out.

"What are you here to watch me for?"

Her eyes narrowed with the same old trick which had belonged to slender, ill nourished little Rose Hanks washing dishes in the sailors' lodging house upon the

dingy street by the Liverpool docks. She was thinking.

"Ah!" she said—and opening her eyes looked at Bramford with a fullness of comprehension. "Are you going to tell Miss Wessex, Mr. Wessex? Is that part of your duty?"

"No." His clutch was still upon her arm, and his breath came quickly. "Don't you see that I love you? That I would do anything—anything, to spare you, to assist you? Haven't you seen it? You know you have."

"And it was because you loved me that you hid in this room to watch for me to come here tonight—after telling me that the will was here."

"I knew you would come some time. Better I to find you——"

"Did he tell you that he was my father?"

"Who?"

"Who? Who? You know! You know that this George Wessex is the Festus Hanks who left my mother and me twenty five years ago. You know that he is my father, and you know that I know it. Why else could you know that I should walk into this trap? Did he tell you? Does he know that I know it?"

"No. If he had known it, would he have allowed his daughter to bring you here?"

"I really do not know. Judging from my own character—my own inclinations—which I suppose I inherited from him—I rather think he would. There are some pleasures in tantalization. And then—that girl! She is clay. How could my father care for a daughter like that?"

"She is nothing like you!" There was a tremendous admiration in Bramford's eyes. The audacity of the woman was the quality which he himself lacked.

"Can you prove that he is your father?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"Everything, and nothing. If he dies without a will, and you can prove it, you are heiress to his fortune. If he dies with a will, he will leave everything to Madeline Wessex."

"Provided she does not marry John Selwyn." She held out the document.

"Yes."

"Suppose she marries Selwyn before he dies?"

"He will forgive her," Bramford said with conviction. "He loves her."

"Then"—she looked straight into his eyes, and spoke with slow words—"it would be better for him to die without a will."

An expression in her face took him into her confidence, into comradeship. Her arm, which had been rigid in his grasp, grew soft.

"Yes," Bramford felt his senses floating in the claret light from her eyes.

"The will is in your possession?" she almost whispered. They stood together under the one electric globe, seeing nothing save each other's faces and the thoughts behind them.

He put his other hand around and took her wrist in his, and stood for an instant.

"I love you!" he said.

"Well?"

"Will you marry me?"

"Do you want money so much?"

"Damn the money!" Bramford said furiously. "It is you I want. Will you marry me?"

"If my father dies without a will, come to me and ask anything."

XV.

THERE is a sort of calm that comes with the Sabbath everywhere. People on ship-board say that they can feel it; that there is a hush and peace, and a lack of vibration in the atmosphere on Sunday, which come from the stopping of the world's work. In the Wessex house there was no change from the ordinary routine of the day, except that Miss Besant was not going to the theater that evening. She had gone to church in the morning with Madeline, who had been brought up in the orthodox faith. Miss Besant had sat by her new friend's side, an object of polite curiosity to the congregation.

The newspaper reporters were busy commenting upon Miss Wessex' entertainment of the actress, and one woman writer had elaborated an article to show that we were nearing the English more and more, every year, in our manners and customs. There was a rumor here and there that Miss Besant's father and George Wessex had been early friends. The story had come from Miss Wessex herself, who was very proud of her friend, and glad to establish any sort of connection with her.

The attitude taken by Madeline toward the English actress had made a new attitude toward both of them. People looked at Madeline Wessex with a new respect, as a woman who had some original opinions, and a large ability to carry them out. She ceased being the millionaire's daughter only, and established a personality of her own. The world is a toady, but it is a

toady to power alone. The rich man or woman who is ruled by others, singly or in the aggregate, is a nobody.

This afternoon Madeline sat in the long drawing room. She had inherited from her mother's people a habit of seeking a different room on Sunday. This great heiress, this girl who had been brought up in a wholly new environment, had all the ways of her Virginia ancestresses. She barely touched the piano on Sunday, and then it was to play softly sweet old hymn melodies.

Miss Besant was up stairs writing busily. She had found Blake waiting for her when she returned from church. He had the revised manuscript of the new play in his pocket.

"There," he said, throwing it down, "see what you think of that. I've given it another coat."

"Alfred," Miss Besant had answered, drawing her brows together, and her gloves from her hands, "why do you never make a play with a murder in it?"

"Am I a writer of melodramas? I have changed my style—have adapted my style to suit your conceptions of life, until I have made a row of deformities, a chamber of horrors. But up to this my devils have been of the gentlemanly order. I have not begun to draw ruffians, murderers, and such."

The tone of Blake's voice, and the set expression of his face, made Miss Besant look at him more closely. "You will not be creating anything much longer, unless you let brandy alone," she said.

"Your point of view, starting as it does upon the Liverpool docks"—but in that instant Blake caught the black eyes of Miss Besant with his wandering gaze, and taking up his hat he started to go without another word.

"Sit down a moment," she said. "Why do you not write a play with a murder in it? Make a woman do it. Make her kill a man for none of the conventional, pardonable reasons, but for one of the ignoble motives, and so surround the crime with circumstances, make the criminal so human, that an excuse for her will be found in every heart."

"Make you the criminal?"

"I will act it."

"You are essentially the most immoral human being that ever lived," Blake said with conviction.

"Not immoral—unmoral. I am an artist. Art knows no morals. You may go. Leave the play. I will go over it again, and try

and get a line or two of reality into it. You used to draw life, but nowadays you make wax dolls, with a phonograph inside for a soul. Go home."

A servant came softly into the room where Madeline sat, and held out a tray with a white slip of pasteboard islanding its surface. She took it up with some surprise. Sunday visitors were rare with her, and she rather resented them. But her face flushed, and she half arose, as she saw Selwyn's name.

It was the first time he had been in the house since that snowy afternoon, when she had come in to find him going away, hurt and angry, after her father's refusal of his suit. She had not asked him to come back. She had met him at Mrs. Hartley's, and had gone for long walks with him through the wintry park. They had strolled along that arbor-like path which leads to the Belvidere, that playground of ragged children upon summer nights, given over now to lovers who could wear sealskin.

It was the first time since they had been acknowledged lovers that they had been alone together without the whole outside world for witnesses.

Madeline went forward to meet him with almost a lump in her throat. She gave him her hand shyly. "How did you happen to come?" And then, fearing she had not been cordial, she added, "I am so glad to see you, Jack."

"Your father sent for me, asking me to come here at seven this evening. I extended the time, and came earlier, hoping to find you alone."

"I seldom have visitors on Sunday, so of course I am alone. Miss Besant is here, but she is asleep, I believe."

"Do you still find her so charming?"

"She is lovely."

"Has your father seen her?"

"No; but I am hoping he will today or tomorrow. He seems a great deal better. I have been battling with my conscience, Jack. Do you think father is really ill, that I ought to insist upon his going away for the rest of the winter? I meant to, but—I do not want to leave you."

Miss Besant left her writing and came down stairs. She stopped at the door of the room where Madeline and Selwyn sat, and pushed the door open. She supposed Madeline to be there alone, but it was a habit of Miss Besant's to move softly. She looked in, and turning, drew the door after her, and went away again without a sound. She stopped a passing servant and asked him to take a card in to Mr. Wessex.

In a moment the man came back and said that Mr. Wessex would be very glad to see Miss Besant, and with her head in the air, her black eyes shining, Rose Hanks went through the door into the presence of the man who had buried Festus Hanks.

She gave a start of surprise which made her step backward when she saw the figure in the great chair. She had imagined a great, commanding presence; but instead she saw a man of medium size, thin, shrunken, pale, with tent-like lids over keen gray eyes. He leaned back wearily upon the cushions behind him. It was late afternoon, and the light was waning. The electric globes were still dark, and the fire lighted up the room and Wessex' face. It threw a glow over Miss Besant and the white gown she wore. It gave a roseate tinge to her pale cheeks.

Wessex looked up at her with a keen scrutiny, as though he might be seeking for some trace of that old friend of his youth, who had died so long ago.

"I must ask you to pardon me if I am intruding, Mr. Wessex, but I sat in my room and thought of you down here, knowing so much of my father, until I could no longer resist the temptation to come down and ask you to tell me something of him. Mr. Bramford told me that he was an old acquaintance of yours, and that you were with him in his last hours. I came to America to find him. It has been the quest of my life; and now I find but a memory. I could not put off hearing that any longer."

"Sit down, Miss Besant," Wessex said courteously. "I shall be glad to answer any questions you may ask me. I only knew Festus Hanks slightly. We were in a mining camp together. He told me something of his early life, and he told me that he had come to the gold fields to make a fortune to take back to his wife and child, who supposed him to be drowned."

"My mother supposed my father to be drowned, but I do not think that I ever believed it. And then one day there came a sailor to the house who said that he was alive in Colorado. Ever since then, I have been ready to come in search of him. I knew that his leaving us was not wanton desertion."

"No," said Mr. Wessex.

"I knew that he only left us to earn more money for us." She hesitated a moment, and her melancholy eyes followed the sharp brass work of the fender. "It nearly broke my mother's heart. She knew nothing of business, and my grandfather was a broken down old man. The

shop went. My mother was very poor. We took in lodgers. I"—there was a smile on the red lips that was not mirthful—"went up to London to be a servant."

If she had expected to see a change of expression in the impassive face before her, she was mistaken. Not a muscle quivered; the glance of the chilly eyes never wavered.

"Is your mother still living?" he asked.

"Yes. She lives in London."

"And who was this sailor of whom you spoke? Who was he? What became of him?"

"He went away almost at once. My mother never believed the story. She believed my father buried in the harbor."

"It is better so. And you never heard of this man again?"

Mr. Wessex seemed very persistent. Rose Hanks looked calmly into his face.

"Yes, I have," she said. "He is here in New York now. He is at my hotel, where he is living at my expense. He says that Festus Hanks is still alive—in George Wessex!" And then, in a burst of tears, she threw herself at his feet, resting her head upon his thin knees. "Oh, my father!" she said in a tone which had thrilled thousands of indifferent men; "know that I am your own child, the baby which you left in my mother's arms. I have searched for you so long! I am so alone! Take me back into your heart, your love—my father!"

Wessex tried to draw away from her. "Woman, you are mad!" he said.

Rose lifted herself from the floor, not awkwardly, as most people come up from their knees, but with one fine spring which threw her dramatically to her full height.

"I am not mad. I am your own child."

"I have but one child, my daughter Madeline."

"And she is not your daughter, but her mother's. What has she of your force, your nature? Even now"—Rose threw out her hand with a fine gesture—"she is in this very house, in the arms of the lover whom you have forbidden her to see. She has no right even to the name she bears. She——"

Wessex arose to his feet. "Leave this room!" he fairly shouted.

"I will not! I am your daughter, and I can and will prove it. Deny me, and I will bring my mother here, and she shall sue you for a divorce in the American courts. How will you face the world you have hoped to conquer, as the husband of a Liverpool lodging house keeper, as a liar, a perjurer, a deserter of wife and child, a bigamist? Your daughter—your daughter whom you

love—illegitimate? Answer me that. Is it to be war between us—peace or war?"

XVI.

"It is almost seven. I must leave you now, and go to your father."

"But you will come back?" Madeline looked into Selwyn's face with shining eyes.

"Of course I will come back. I cannot keep away. I am going to tell your father that I have seen you. I am going to tell him that I am going to continue to see you if you allow me. I cannot go on in an underhand manner, deceiving him. You ought not to do that, even would I allow it." Selwyn was already taking the upper hand which a woman like Madeline always gives the man she loves, and which she enjoys living under. "I am not going to ask you to marry me now, because your father is ill, and he needs you. I want to know, too, that I have a permanent, a solid, place in the world of business. I thought it was mine in your father's office, but I suppose this visit to him tonight is the end. We can wait."

"Yes," Madeline said. "John, father has made his will, and he has given me to understand that in case I marry you, his fortune goes somewhere else."

"Would that grieve you?"

"I do not care for money."

"I can earn my own living, and that of my wife," Selwyn said. "I do not want you to offend your father, because he is your own father, and you are all he has in the world; but money or no money, father or no father, you are mine!" He put his arms around her shoulders and held her face against his own.

"I will marry you any time, Jack," Madeline said. "Father must love and trust you when he knows you."

"He trusts me now. He knows me better than you do, my sweet. He knows me as one man knows another who has been brought up under his eye. I do not want you to marry me until I can make you comfortable, until I am settled. We will talk of it when I come back." And then he stopped and fortified himself for the long journey down the hall, and the coming interview.

As he left her Madeline sank into her chair and looked about the room. It seemed to be a new place. There was a brightness over everything. The room, the world, seemed like a realm of beauty.

Selwyn looked for the servant who was generally in the hall, to carry his name in

to Mr. Wessex, but the man was not there. The door into the millionaire's room was slightly ajar. Selwyn lifted his hand to knock, and then he was stopped by a sentence which he heard.

A little while later, the man at the entrance to the house opened the door and let in Bramford. He asked that his card might be sent to Miss Besant. As he walked down the hall to the fireplace, he saw Selwyn coming from Mr. Wessex' room door, evidently in a great state of agitation.

Selwyn walked by Bramford without seeing him, on into the room where Madeline still sat, weaving castles in the air, day dreams in the glowing coals of the fire before her.

"Madeline," he said in a voice which shook with some emotion which he was evidently trying to conceal, "I have changed my mind about asking you to marry me now. I ask you to trust me enough to go with me *now*."

"Now?"

"Now, this instant. I want you to go with me now, and marry me at once."

"But—Jack, it is Sunday. You are perfectly ridiculous. What did papa say?"

"I did not ask him. I did not see him. I only ask you to trust me. Put on a cloak and a hat, and come as you are."

"Indeed I will do nothing of the sort. Is it a joke? The very idea of your asking me, for a whim, to come off and marry you

like an old fashioned elopement." She was laughing with every word.

Selwyn fairly groaned. "My dear," he said, "believe that I know best. I am asking you to do the thing I believe best for us both. We can come back to your father afterward. Go and get your cloak, and come with me to Mrs. Hartley."

"Jack, I do really believe you have lost your mind. Why should I go to Mrs. Hartley?"

There was a sound of commotion, of servants' voices raised in that house where the voices of servants were velvet. Then a man's authoritative tones said, "Where is Miss Wessex?"

"That is Mr. Bramford," Madeline said wonderingly. "Why, what is the matter with you all?"

The heavy front door shut with a terrible clang, and Bramford came into the room, with Miss Besant pale and pitying behind him. She went straight to Madeline.

"My dear," she said, "there has been an accident, and your father——"

She got no further. Selwyn took Madeline from her. "I will tell Miss Wessex anything that it is necessary for her to hear," he said almost roughly.

"Then you may tell her," Rose said evenly, meeting his glance, "that some unknown person has given her father a blow, and we have sent for a physician to determine the extent of his injuries."

(To be continued.)



MY FLOWER.

I'VE made a flower of words and rhyme
For thee, my sweet, my soul—
A flower that knows not land or clime
From either pole to pole.

Frail was my fancy, rude my art,
Thrice limited my power;
But it will live if in your heart
You wear it for an hour.

Thomas Winthrop Hall.

AMERICAN WOMEN ILLUSTRATORS.

The rapid advance of women, and especially of American women, in the artistic world—Their notable contributions to the illustrative art of the day—Mary Hallock Foote, Alice Barber Stephens, Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, and many other workers in this interesting field.

By Harold Payne.

ART is the bloom of sympathy. Ergo, woman, being by nature sympathetic, is naturally artistic. Although it has required the sunshine and the stimulus of our higher civilization to develop her genius into definiteness and vigor, she has possessed the latent germs in all ages and all lands. Even among the aboriginal tribes, where her environment has been sordid and bestial, she has frequently manifested the penchant for art in the form of decoration. While her lord and master sought laurels in the bout or chase, or added to his trophies of valor in the shape of scalps, she whiled away the tedium of the lonely wigwam by embroidering and beading moccasins and garments for her warrior.

From the beginning of the Christian era woman has achieved little in the field of art—down to the present century, at least—owing, doubtless, to the restraints put upon her by society. Now and then an Angelica Kauffmann or a Vigée Le Brun has raised her audacious head above the waves of obscurity; but for the most part the expressions of feminine art have been confined to the pretty trifles of the boudoir.

During the latter part of the present century woman has come rapidly to the front in art, as in everything else; but it remained for the present generation, and for our own land of freedom, to develop those lofty and noble ideals which have made her the compeer of man. It has only been within the last two decades that she has made herself known and felt to any marked degree in the illus-

trative branches of art. Within that period, however, the finer, gentler, more sympathetic touch of woman has been widely felt in book and periodical illustration, adding a rosier, kindlier glow to our philosophy, and a new perfume to our sentiment.

This is particularly true as regards children's books and periodicals. In the old days these were of the crudest character, primitive in coloring as well as in expression—mere illustrated "Humpty Dumptys" in reds and blues and yellows. Now they have come to be works of art, both in illustration and letterpress, the text real literature and the pictures symphonies of beauty.

But the modern woman has not confined herself to the daintier sorts of illustration. She has taken her place by the side of man in many of the more vigorous and practical branches. Scarcely a daily newspaper, an illustrated weekly, or a comic journal goes forth without some example of woman's work in its art department. Nearly all of the dailies intrust the illustration of their fashion departments to women, and many of the "cuts" used in advertising are designed by female artists.

Mary Hallock Foote stands, according to common avowal, at the head of American women illustrators. Some add that no limitations of sex need be considered when fixing upon her standard. And certainly the strength and completeness of her work is such that in her peculiar line she need have no fear of comparison with any artist. Mrs. Foote (or Mary Hallock, as she was known to

the world before her marriage) was born at Milton-on-the-Hudson, New York, in 1847, and almost all the instruction in drawing she ever received was at the Cooper Institute, in the old days before the modern principles of organic teaching in art had been introduced. And yet such was the depth of her own conceptions that from an early period in her career she has worked upon those very principles, and gone to the heart of nature for her models.

For several years past Mrs. Foote has resided in the far West, where she has had an opportunity of studying the wild, picturesque, and ever interesting features of Western life and scenery. The result of this study and experience has shown itself in a large proportion of her work, and some of the most faithful and striking pictures of prairie, chaparral, mountain, and ranch, that have ever been produced, have emanated from her pencil. Mrs. Foote has drawn for various publications, but her principal and best work has appeared in the *Century Magazine*.

Next in point of eminence, as well as excellence, is Alice Barber Stephens. Indeed, as an illustrator, there is little to choose between her and Mrs. Foote. Mrs. Stephens has enjoyed superior opportunities, having begun the study of art at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, her native city, and afterward taking a thorough course with Julien, in Paris. But these advantages would have availed her little had she not possessed the remarkable natural gift of subtle conception that has enabled her to catch those minor but essential details of life which have lent such charm to her work.

Naturally sympathetic and domestic in her tastes, her favorite subjects are found in the simple commonplaces of life, and her renderings of them naturally appeal to every warm hearted person who sees them. The sweet faced young mother, the dimple cheeked infant, the chubby little toddler, or the benevolent, kindly faced old lady in cap and spectacles—these are among the sweet, homely subjects which engage the pencil of this artist.

Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, although an illustrator of the highest order, cannot be strictly classed as one, for the reason that she is equally great in every other branch of art. However, as many of her best examples of water colors are ultimately reproduced for illustrative purposes, and as even her oil paintings frequently find their way into the pages of art publications, it is not wrong to denominate her as an illustrator, and that of the most varied and prolific type.

She may, like most artists, have a specialty, but a walk through her studio, and a critical examination of her work—ranging all along the line of oil paintings, water colors of the most exquisite type, wash drawings, crayons, and pastels—would scarcely result in discovering her specialty. As with Mrs. Foote, in praising Mrs. Nicholls' work, it is by no means necessary to limit the list of her competitors to those of her own sex. As a colorist she has few rivals, and her acute knowledge of drawing and genius for composition are apparent in everything she does.

Mrs. Nicholls was born in Coventry, England, and first studied in the Bloomsbury School of Art in London, where she received the Queen's Scholarship. Afterwards she worked in Rome and Venice. During her stay in Rome she was made a member of the Roman Water Color Society, a distinction seldom conferred upon a woman. She came to America in 1884, and at the spring exhibition of that year showed one of her best pieces, "A Sunny Afternoon, Venice," at the Society of American Artists. The picture, although of small dimensions, attracted wide attention on account of the strong effects of light and shade which the artist had accomplished. A year's visit to South Africa has been fruitful in the production of several wonderful pictures of desert life.

Marie Guise Newcomb is preëminently the female Landseer of America. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any woman—even Bonheur herself—ever possessed the intimate knowledge of equine anatomy and the genius for portraying the action of the horse that she has. She is one of the few artists who have brought



A QUINTET OF WOMEN ILLUSTRATORS.

Clara Goodyear.

Matilda Browne.

Mrs. J. Francis Murphy.

Agnes D. Abbott.

Katherine Almond Hulbert.

their art to an absolute science. She is not satisfied with merely knowing that there is a certain play of the muscles under certain circumstances; like a true

so convincing. And this she is able to accomplish without having recourse to the mechanical device of the kodak, to which not a few artists owe their fame for integrity of drawing.

Born in a small town in New Jersey, Mrs. Newcomb early imbibed a taste for art and a love of animal life. Before she could speak plainly, she employed the time that little girls usually devote to dressing dolls, in making rude sketches of horses and cattle. While yet very young she went to Paris, where she studied successively under Schenk, Chialiva, and Edouard Détaillé. After completing her studies with these great masters, she visited Algeria, traveling as far south as the Sahara Desert, for the purpose of studying the Arab and his wonderful horses.

In this country, she is an enthusiastic patron of the race course; but her place is not in the grand stand. She prefers some convenient point along the track, where she can have an opportunity of studying the movement of the horses.

Among the best known illustrators of the day is Georgina A. Davis, one of the staff artists of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. She has had no opportunities for studying art outside of a short period spent at the Art League, and yet many of her examples of pen and ink and of wash drawings compare very favorably with those of the best illustrators. She has also done some excellent work in oil and water colors.

Like Mrs. Stephens, Miss Davis is domestic and simple in the choice of her subjects, and exhibits a depth of feeling and a warmth in her treatment which never fail to appeal to the sympathetic student of human nature. She was born in New York, and has contented herself with spending the greater part of her life within the immediate vicinity of her birthplace.

Rosina Emmet Sherwood stands very high, both as an illustrator and as a colorist. Many exquisite examples of her black and whites have appeared in the Harpers' publications; and yet so happy is she in her color work, especially in her water colors and pastels, that we can never help the feeling that she has



Marie Guise Newcomb

scientist, she must know exactly why this is so. Having learned the reason it is not difficult, once she succeeds in catching the merest outline sketch of an animal in motion, for her to supply those wonderful examples of anatomical drawing which have rendered her work

suffered by reproduction in cold black and white. She paints entirely from natural models, and never fails to catch the very spirit of her subject. The range of her subjects is not as broad as that of some other artists, but such as she does essay are handled with consummate skill. Indeed, there are few artists possessing a more acute knowledge of technique and having the rare faculty of putting the knowledge to practical use.

Lydia Field Emmet, a sister of Mrs. Sherwood, shares much of her genius. Both artists took a thorough course in Europe, and Miss Emmet's work shows the same painstaking earnestness and attention to details that are observable in that of her elder sister. Miss Emmet has done illustrating for various periodicals, and has exhibited at almost all the exhibitions in this country for the past few years, where her water colors and pastels have attracted attention and won favorable comment.

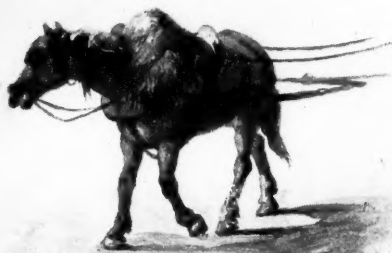
Maud Humphrey's work is remarkable not only on account of its general excellence, but also for its almost limitless scope and thorough originality. Miss Humphrey is at her best in the portrayal



A Figure Study by Maud Humphrey.

of child life, and she has done some excellent things in the illustration of children's books, both in black and white and in colors. Aside from her knowledge of drawing and sense of composition, this artist possesses what is a much more important essential in all painting, and especially in this particular branch of it—a thorough sympathy and a love that amounts to a passion for her subject. She is an idolizer of children, and next to the keen enjoyment afforded her by having half a dozen little tots romping about her, she is happiest when transcribing their dimples and pouting pink lips and great round, won-

derful



One of Marie Guise Newcomb's Horses.



Rhoda Holmes Nicholls.

dering eyes, in lasting colors. She can throw more life and action and feeling into a diminutive chit with a rag doll, or a group of children at play, than any artist who ever attempted the task. She makes you feel the joy, the sadness, or the pathos of the wee life which seems to breathe and pulsate before your eyes.

Miss Humphrey was born in Rochester, New York, and received almost all the art instruction she ever had at the Art League; but like many of our greatest artists, kindly nature has done more for her than the too conventional instructor. She has illustrated for *Harper's Young People*, the Putnam's publications, and several others.

Matilda Browne is another artist whose taste inclines to dumb animals, but her work differs widely from that of Mrs. Newcomb. The latter delights in portraying the passion and fury exemplified in the stampede of wild horses, or the trained agility of the hippodrome. Miss

Browne is happiest in bringing before our eyes those gentler and more indolent domestic animals--sheep in peaceful pastures, cows and calves grazing in sunny paddocks or dozing in the deep, cool shade.

Miss Browne was born in Newark, New Jersey, and studied drawing in Paris. She also spent some time in Holland, working and studying the examples of other artists. She has made illustrations for the Harpers' juvenile publications, and for children's books issued by other publishers. She is still a very young woman, petite in figure, modest and retiring in disposition, and as profoundly devoted to her work as a zealot to his feticch. She has great promise of a brilliant career.

Maud Stumm is one of those geniuses whose scope is as limitless as the universe, and whose touch, like that of Midas, never fails to cause the object upon which it is bestowed to glitter. Miss Stumm's success is largely



A Water Color Sketch by Rhoda Holmes Nicholls



Scene in a Hospital, Drawn by Georgina Davis.

due to the fact that she possesses a highly poetical temperament, an essential element in the composition of the true artist; and the quality is manifest in everything she does. Her genius developed early, for she illustrated an edition of "Mother Goose's Melodies" when but fifteen. She is extremely fond

of the classics, and much of her best illustrating has been of the Greek and Latin poets.

Miss Stumm is equally gifted as a colorist. So highly are her water colors esteemed that more than twenty of them have been reproduced in colored plates by the *Art Amateur* and *Art Inter-*



A Water Color Sketch by Maud Stumm.

change. She possesses the boldness of the true water colorist, and paints with a freedom and dash peculiar to the real genius. She was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and studied at the Art League in this city, which was the extent of her art education. She is also a good musician, and fills an important post in the choir of one of our city churches. She is an enthusiast in her art, and contemplates going abroad in the present year to study.

It is a rare thing to find a girl of twenty already arrived at a stage of artistic excellence where her work is in demand by the best publishers; and yet such is the case with regard to Florence

K. Upton. Perhaps heredity may have had something to do with it, however, for her father was an excellent illustrator, and it is just possible that she may have imbibed the taste, if not the talent, from him. Much of Miss Upton's work has appeared in the Harpers' publications, while she has illustrated, in whole or in part, several books for Dutton and other publishers. She possesses a remarkable conception and sense of composition, and, while her drawing may sometimes be a trifle at fault, she has the rare genius of being able to impart that subtle *esprit* to her creations that makes us forget any trifling imperfections of the draughtsman. Her

work is almost entirely confined to wash drawing, and few artists have succeeded in breathing the spirit of life and warmth into black and white with greater perfection.

Miss Upton was born in Flushing, Long Island, and studied with her father at the Academy of Design.

If a salubrious climate and an enchanting environment are factors in making an artist, Katherine Allmond Hulbert has no excuse to offer for being one, for kindly nature permitted her first to see the light in that most delightful of spots, the Sacramento Valley. Her earliest art training was received at the School of



Maud Humphrey.

Design in San Francisco. After graduating there she went to Detroit, whose pure air and arbor fringed streets must have leavened her inspiration, for she exhibits some charming examples of landscape painted from scenes in and about that city.

Mrs. Hulbert's water colors are in great demand. Hers were the first to be sold at the recent water color exhibition in this city, to which she came about three years ago. She is only incidentally an illustrator, her best examples having

been originally designed for decoration.

Clara Goodyear's illustrative work has been confined, for the most part, to art



Florence K. Upton.



Maud Stumm.

publications, although she does some black and whites for books and periodicals. She has executed some exquisite figure work in oil and water colors, but she is unquestionably at her best in flower pieces. In these she excels for the triple reason that she has a natural passion for flowers, a technical knowledge of botany, and a genius for coloring.

Mrs. Goodyear was born in New Haven, Connecticut, and is a granddaughter of the famous manufacturer of rubber. It may be mentioned, for the benefit of those who may be curious to know how she still retains the name, that she married a cousin.

Agnes Dean Abbatt was born in New York, and comes of a family of painters. Her art education was acquired at the Art League Institute and the National Academy of Design. At the former she took the medal for the year of her graduation. She also studied painting with



A Specimen of Florence Upton's Decorative Work.

R. Swain Gifford and James D. Smillie. She was elected a member of the Water Color Society in 1880.

She, too, possesses a taste for natural scenery and a genius for painting it with exquisite feeling. She has done some delightful bits from picturesque nooks along the New England coast, in the Berkshire hills, and on Long Island. Although a charming colorist, she is one of the few artists who have the rare faculty of doing a landscape justice in black and white. There is a strength in her drawing which is rare in the work of a woman.

Mrs. J. Francis Murphy is another exceedingly clever illustrator, as well as painter. She essays nearly every variety of work, from oil to crayon and pastel. She is very happy in her dainty bits of black and white. She delights in giving us glimpses of old ruins, or a quaint old chapel hidden away amid a clump of ancient trees, where the shadows are deep and the high lights strong. Her



Alice Barber Stephens.



Rosina Emmet Sherwood's "Reading Girl."

illustrations have appeared in various publications from time to time, but the best of her talent in this line has been devoted to book illustration.

Caroline Augusta Northam finds time for little else but the illustration of children's books, and her success in this branch of art has been pronounced. She possesses a rare faculty for grasping the quaint and picturesque phases of child life, although her work is by no means confined to this field.

Besides the artists already spoken of, there are not a few others less generally known, or known rather in other branches of art than as illustrators. Among the latter may be mentioned Maria Brooks, who is by preference a painter of portraits and figure studies, and whose large canvas of "The Wayfarers" was favorably noticed at Chicago last year; and Frances Hunt Throop, a writer and art critic as well as a painter and an occasional illustrator.

ROSA BONHEUR.

*The greatest living painter of animals in her home at By—Her pets are horses and lions, and her ideal man is the untamed Indian of the West—
The quiet old age of a life devoted to her art.*

By George Holme

TO the truly great, life is full of work. There is little time for recreation, for repose, for giving away to others. It is for this reason that Rosa Bonheur lives on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, hidden away at a little place called By, on the Loing Canal. Even her seventy two years, crowded as full of achievement as they have been, have not brought her one touch of vanity, of self contemplation. It is the

people who have done small things who must stop and personally call in the world to witness.

Students of history from the philosophic standpoint declare that they can read the story of a nation at any given period by its art alone. What will they say lay at the foundation of the generation which in one country produced and developed a Cain, a Frémiet, a Barye, and a Bonheur?

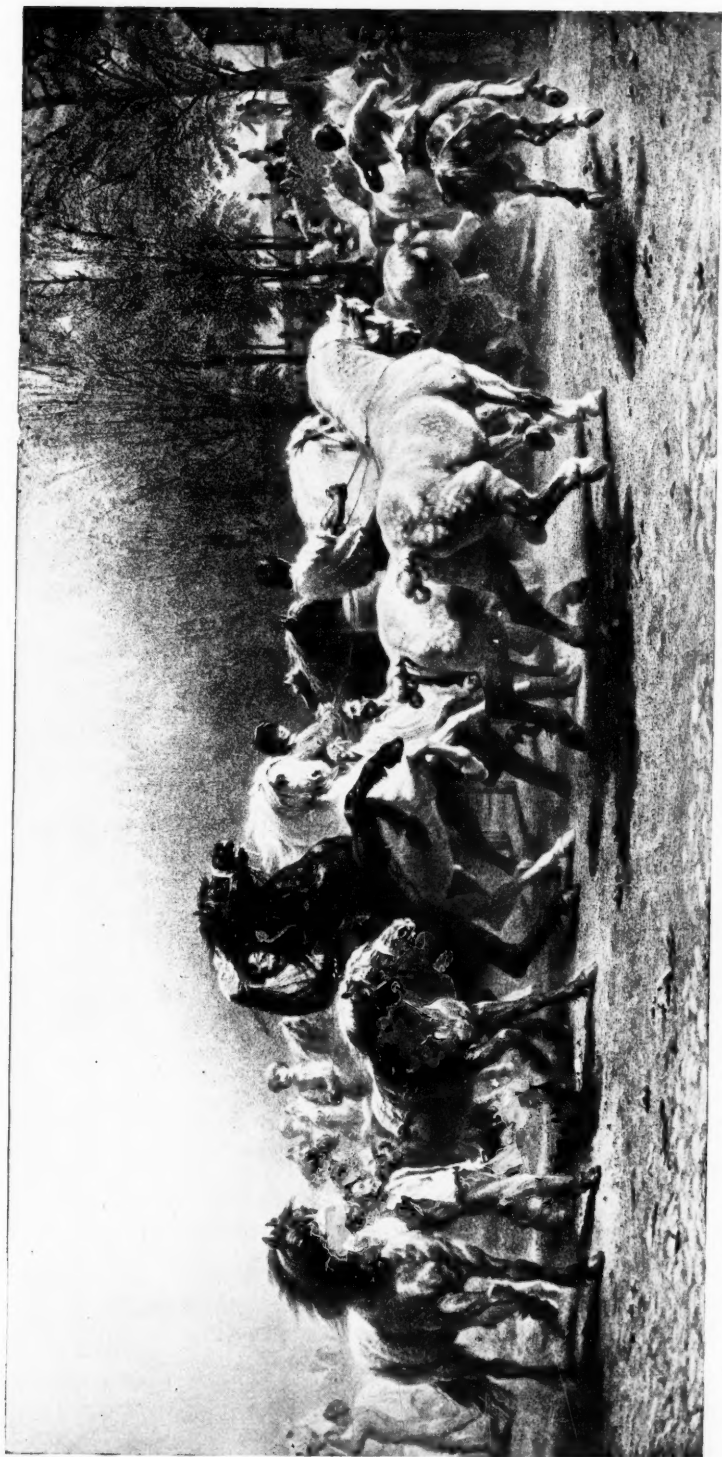
Bonheur is a living refutation of the ridiculous complaint that a woman's genius has not the recognition that is given to that of a man. Her fame is assured as the world's master animal painter. In the village of By she has an unpretentious house of brick and stone, where she lives and works, and which she only leaves when something unusual calls her to Paris. She has piles of work, of unfinished canvases, in her studio; and it is her dearest wish that these shall all be finished before she dies. At three score and ten there begins to be a thought of a possible end. Looking at the small woman with her black velvet coat or blue blouse, one wonders at the energy which has achieved so much, and which even now is simply carrying forward work which other painters would lovingly nurse as masterpieces.

She still wears the blouse



Mlle. Rosa Bonheur.

From a photograph by Jacotin, Paris.



"The Horse Fair."
From the painting by Rosa Bonheur



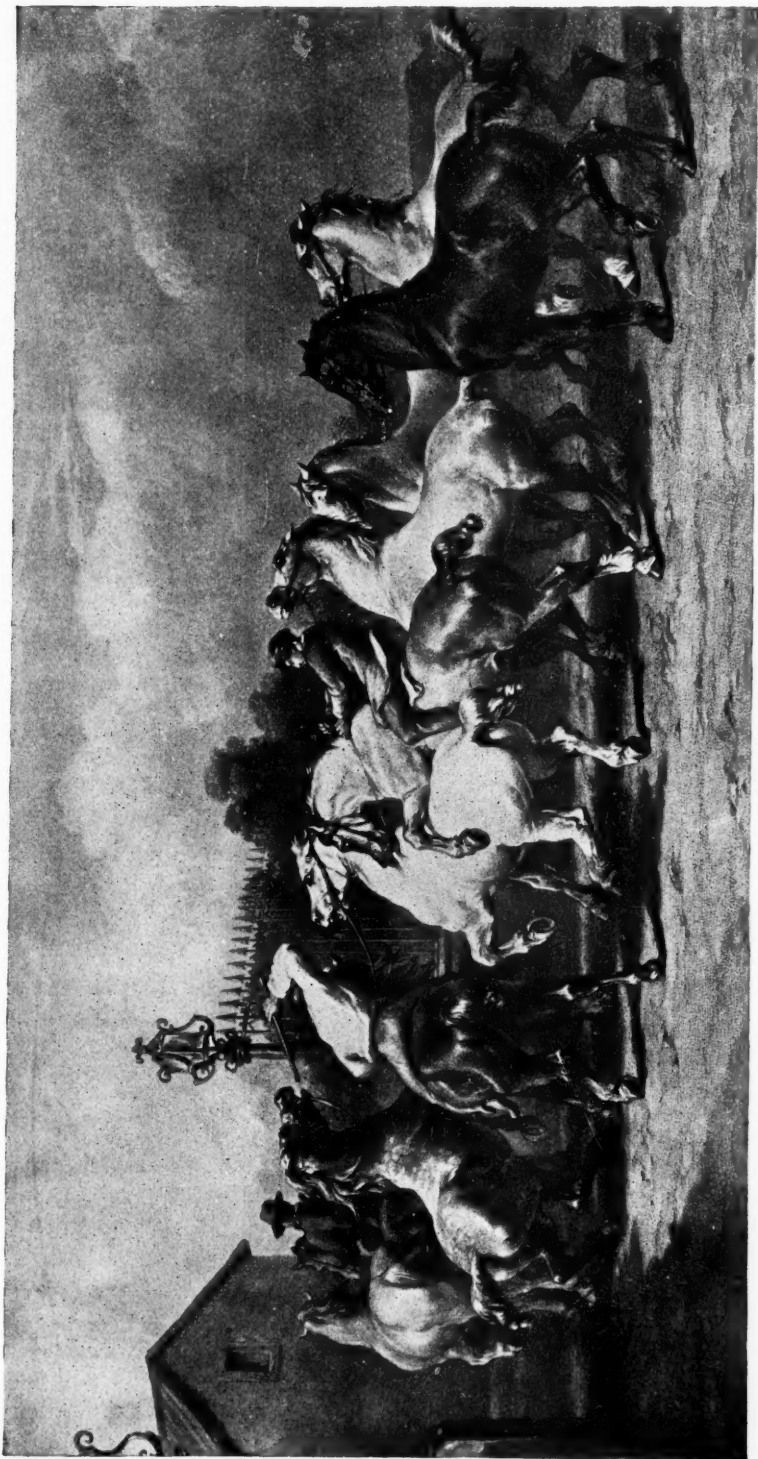
"An Old Monarch."

From the painting by Rosa Bonheur.

which has given her the reputation of going about in man's attire, because it is the simplest and most convenient working dress she can find. She adopted it when she was a young girl and went to the slaughter houses of Paris for her models. Today, a young woman art student dares go anywhere under the sun. The fact that she is an art student admits her almost anywhere, and the fact that she is a woman, and is not supposed to know where she is going, ad-

mits her everywhere else. But half a century ago, in France, where the average young girl was—and still is—carefully guarded, the sight of a girl of eighteen painting away among rough men and dead animals was a sight which could not be endured, and so Mlle. Bonheur became a short haired boy in a blue blouse—a blue blouse which has been smeared from the palette that held the colors for the "Horse Fair."

At seventy two her face is full, but



"Coming Back from the Horse Fair."
From the painting by Rosa Bonheur.

has a statue's delicacy of line. The short hair is snow white and thick, and the eyes, which are those of an alert young man, are a brilliant black. She is very small, but still erect, very unconscious, and possesses a very witty

Most of these studies have been made from animals in her own collection. She receives gifts from all over the world. When she was painting a picture of a stampede of horses on the American plains, "Buffalo Bill" sent her two

wild mustangs as models. She wrote to thank him, and asked him to sit for her; and people who have seen the result say that her portrait of Colonel Cody on horseback in the act of throwing a lasso is one of her best pictures.

Horses she loves above all animals. She is now at work upon an enormous canvas containing nine horses, life size, driven by a Pyrenean. She has upon a table beside her bed Eugene Sue's "Arabian Godolphin," reviving her memory of a combat between two race horses, which she means to put upon canvas.

An American wonders if she has read the story of "Ben Hur" and the chariot race. As a matter of fact, Mlle. Bonheur is ignorant of America, as most French people are. She wanted very much to come to Chicago last year, but "had no time." During the Paris Exposition she went to see the



"A Noble Charger."

From the painting by Rosa Bonheur.

tongue. To the casual visitors, who have by some good fortune found an entrée to her house, she is the soul of courtesy. Seeming to feel that they have come to see her work, she brings out piles of canvases, some of them never even put on stretchers, but torn from the tacks which held them to a board; and shows pictures of animals of every sort, from spirited portraits of her own dogs to charging bisons and lions lifting up their massive heads.

Indians exhibited at Neuilly, and devoted several weeks to making studies of them. She had a commission of sixty thousand dollars for a picture of a buffalo hunt, into which the Indians were to be introduced.

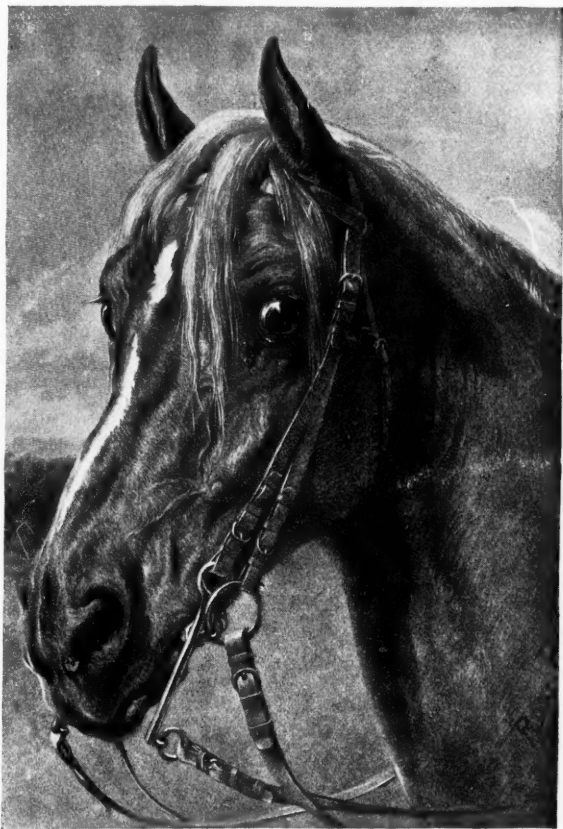
The minds of all geniuses see life—not only that part of it which they best depict, but all life—with a distorting vision. It may be a vision which beautifies, which makes horrible, or which enlarges. Genius might almost be called

a mental astigmatism. As Rosa Bonheur sees poetry in a cart horse upon a dusty road, and not only sees it herself, but creates it for other people to see, so she saw "God created noblemen" in the miserable, dirty Sioux, and will put her conception into her finished picture. She said to the friend who went with her every day while she was making these studies, that she "could not praise enough these grand and stately men, so calm, so dignified, and so royally indifferent in their majestic naturalness."

The friend, who was an American, could not bear to undeceive her, but his heart failed him when she asked two of the chiefs, Rocky Bear and Red Shirt, to a midday breakfast at one of the out door restaurants. The Indians were equal to the occasion. They brought their interpreter along with them. The breakfast was a scene for a philosopher of the end of the nineteenth century. There were the red men, hardened, if new hardening can come to a Sioux Indian of this generation, by contact with the dregs of Parisian life, and a little amused, wondering why any one should pay deference to the little plain old lady who was their hostess, but knowing that they were being paid money to do as she asked, and content not to go beyond that; and there was little Mlle. Bonheur, lost in admiration of her guests, whose language was carefully edited for her ears by two interpreters, one French, the other American.

The latter was a hatchet faced Yankee who had married a squaw, and been adopted into the tribe. He could not understand Mlle. Bonheur when she

said: "These are real men. They are not the simpering, gossiping, bowing animal of today. These are grave, dignified, austere men, with the simple manners which belong to the true children of nature. How men have degen-



"A Norman Sire."

From the painting by Rosa Bonheur.

erated as compared with these noble specimens! No king could be nobler than Monsieur Rocky Bear!"

There was an American journalist present, who gloried in Bonheur's great creative vision. But the Indians' interpreter could scarcely sit upon his seat for laughter, when her sentences were translated to him; and when she admired the drooping lines of his own face, as a reminder of the "woful countenance" of Don Quixote, he begged



"The Lion At Home."
From the painting by Rosa Bonheur

that the story might never be told "in camp."

But even the Indians were finally lost in admiration of her, and the force of her intensely human and sympathetic personality. One of them said to her, before the sittings were over, that she "saw with the eyes of the Great Father, and made others see."

She has the unique talent of taming wild beasts. "To have wild animals love one," she has said, "one must love them." She owns a complete menagerie, which is in view from her studio windows, and she often drops her brush to go out to talk to its inmates. She says they have souls and have told her secrets, as they did to La Fontaine. She has no hesitancy whatever in passing her strong hand through the mane of a lion the first time she sees him; and often, after she has owned one for a little time, it will come to the bars of its cage and seem to beg for a caress.

Her most famous lion was Nero, a great untamable beast who lived for years in her garden, and whom she

painted over and over again. He used to lift himself from the floor of the cage at her approach and give a purr of welcome. She left France for a time, and disposed of her pet to the Jardin des Plantes. He seemed to feel that something was happening, for he lashed the sides of the cage and roared all the way to Paris.

Upon Mlle. Bonheur's return, she went to see him, and found him blind and dying of homesickness. She spoke to him, and he arose and came toward her voice, giving a pitiful imitation of his old note of welcome. She could not keep back her tears at the change in the great beast. She took him home, and he died there with his head in her arms.

Bonheur has been decorated long ago. It was during the reign of Napoleon III that the emperor's liveries came up the driveway at By, and the beautiful young empress went into the studio.

"The emperor has sent you a trinket," she said, holding out a case. Bonheur opened it, to find inside the cross of the legion of honor.

APRIL.

WHEN summer was a little girl,
She laughed and played in shine and shade—
Danced on the young grass tenderly,
And with her breath blew rosy pearls
From out the leaves of apple trees;
Then gathered them and ran away.

The little summer child one day
Went out for hours to look for flowers
On windy hillsides far from home,
O'er grassy meadows wide away,
In cozy nooks by running brooks—
And cried because they had not come.

And all the heavens saw her tears;
The sun unfolded all his gold
And bade the cowslip bloom for her;
The shooting stars from shining spheres,
And violets shy from azure sky,
On softest winds came down to her.

The summer child loves every bird—
From southern seas and myrtle trees
They fly on swiftest wing to her,
And sweeter songs she never heard
From nightingale or whippoorwill,
Than when the robins sing to her.

Mildred McNeal.

THE BRONZE BOX.

By J. C. Cowdrick.

IT came into my possession on the death of my father, just as he had received it from my grandfather years before. His one great desire had been to live to open it himself, but that could not be, for it was asking of nature too long a lease; so it fell to me to carry out the will of a man who had been nearly five hundred years dead. I can see it now, with its silver tipped corners and heavy hinges, and the engraving on the plate in the top, an inscription which I read over and over and over again, until it became stamped upon the tablets of memory never to be effaced. They call me mad, yet I could reproduce that inscription, word for word, and letter for letter—aye, I will, that the reader may judge for himself concerning my mental state:

On this first day of Aprile, in the yer of oure Lorde a thowsand thre hundred and four score and nyne, I, Godefray, selen this box with myne own hand, and I wille and commaund that it be not opende until fyve hundred yeren to a day from this tyme. I do also wille that only by hand of first born son of first born in linage from me shal this seal be broken. And when this box shal be opende, some animal which hath no soule, be it grete or smal, shal ther be present. Al this I wille, and curst be he whoso shal do other than here is writen.

The fact that it had fallen to me to open the box at the appointed time was my only proof that I was a descendant of the Godfrey of the inscription. That I was the first born of my father, and he of his, I knew; but further back all was tradition. No writing had been preserved, and at each descent from father to son the box had lost something of the story associated with it, till at last its history had become dim and vague.

Through this veil of mist, as it were, I pictured Godfrey as one of the few firm supporters of the weak and irresolute Richard of England, at that period

in the midst of troublous times. Then there was the tradition of a mortal foe, whom I placed as probably an adherent of John of Gaunt—the year being that of his return from the south—a foe whom Godfrey had met and terribly vanquished before fleeing the country. Here, somehow, out of this feud between Godfrey and his nameless foe, the bronze box seemed to have had its birth. There was, too, something concerning a terrible revenge—a revenge to be perfected when the bronze box was opened; but this, considering that five hundred years would have elapsed, even should it be preserved unopened so long—a thing any sane man would have scouted as highly improbable—this I looked upon as simply wildest romance. In what way could a revenge be completed or made of any effect when both parties would have been hundreds of years dead?

For years after the death of my father I kept the bronze box at the bottom of a chest of books little used, and upon accepting my professorial chair at the Durston Medical College that chest accompanied me thither. I did not remove the box from the chest until the spring of '85, when something reminded me of it, and I was then deeply impressed with the fact that the five hundred years had nearly rounded their course. Only four years more, should I live, and the privilege of opening the box would be mine.

From that time forth my thoughts were more or less constantly upon it. Often at night would I take it down from its hiding place in a corner of my book case, to which I had transferred it from the chest, and, placing it before me on the table, there dream and dream over the wonderfully strange inscription it bore. Many times I was sorely tempted to break the seal, but I resisted,

determinedly resisted, firmly resolved that what had been so sacredly observed by my forefathers should not be desecrated at last by me, even though I had no son to whom I could hand down the charge.

As the time drew on, my every thought began to center upon the enigma. It was uppermost in my mind by day, the disturber of my sleep by night. It became the one absorbing idea of my existence. In giving lectures before my classes I would find myself wandering from my subject in spite of every effort of will. At times I would recover with a start, to find that I had ceased speaking altogether, and was simply staring. It was the bronze box, ever the bronze box, always the bronze box.

I could not but realize that I was not holding my class; that I, who more than once had chained the advertence of learned minds, was losing my power to keep the attention of even these raw inceptors. How it galled me! My mind had never been more vigorous, my powers were at their best ripened fullness, my veriest drivell was wisdom to those callow goslings, and yet they mocked me. Can you wonder if occasionally I gave way and broke forth upon them in passionate words?

I was glad when the final year of that terrible suspense drew toward a close. I was eager to have the matter off my hands and out of mind. Only three months more, and that tremendous circle of five centuries would be finished. Night after night I sat with the bronze box in my hands under my study lamp, thinking, thinking. There was, I fancied, something about the box that was almost human. I even found myself talking aloud to it at times. I would sometimes feel the presence of another person in the room, and would start and stare around with almost fear; but no one was there, of course. It was only imagination. Yet from that grew finally the hallucination that the box itself was alive.

I dropped it with horror the first time that thought came to me. Alive? The bronze box alive? Was I, then, really going crazy, as others were hinting? I

took it up, hastened to the chest in which it had lain so long, put it down to the very bottom, and piled all the books atop, resolving as I did so that I would not remove it again until the time arrived.

Spite of my first resolve, however, the next night saw the box out of the chest and under the study lamp again; and from that time to the end I could not get the idea out of my mind that the box was alive. There was that about it which irresistibly drew toward it my attention, my thought, aye, my very being.

I felt that I should not be able to hold out. The strain was becoming more than I could bear. How I did hold out until the twenty first day of March, when I opened the box, I do not know. I had now given up lectures wholly, and my assistant was filling my place. I had aged frightfully since the beginning of the year. In my sixties I had often been complimented as looking to be under fifty; but now my full age had come suddenly upon me, and more. From freshness and vigor I had sunk rapidly into decrepitude.

As I have said, the bronze box had come to be seemingly endowed with life, and as the days dragged along that impression fastened itself upon me more and more strongly. Was I mad, I asked myself? No, no; I knew I was sane yet; but how much longer would I be able to bear the terrible strain? Could I fight through the few remaining days to the end? No; I felt in my soul that I could not.

Never can I forget that fatal twenty first; never could I forget it though I should live a thousand years. In the afternoon I forced myself to a walk abroad. On my return I looked around the room in a startled way. Surely some one was there. But, no; there was no one. It was only my imagination, only that strange hallucination of which I have made mention, but now felt with ten times greater force than ever before. No sooner had I lighted the lamp than I brought forth the bronze box and seated myself with it at the table.

The box was alive. The conviction grew upon me so strongly that I believed it in spite of all reason. Something, aye, somebody, was in it. Some one within was calling to me, calling loud and piteously, urging me to open the box, to open it *now*.

Dropping the accursed thing at last, I ran to the window, threw it open, and leaned out, trying to calm myself by fixing my gaze upon the peaceful river, which my room overhung; but I could not, I could not. Pressure was upon me to open the box, and open it I must, or die.

Back to the table I went and took the box up again, looking for something with which to break the seal. There was nothing at hand. I had purposely put everything out of reach lest in a moment of weakness I might give way to temptation. But this was not a moment of weakness; no, no. I was no longer trying to resist my own inclination simply, but was refusing the imperative command of another as well. I could refuse no longer. I sprang to the chest and began to fling out the books. At the bottom were tools which I had provided in anticipation of this hour, at the very bottom, so that I would have plenty of time to reflect upon my action ere I could get at them. But reflection was past now; decision had been made.

I flung the books this way and that, cursing the folly that had led me to put the tools in such a place, and while so engaged I came suddenly upon a mouse. I sprang up, for the moment frightened—a proof of the state my nerves were in. But it was only momentary. At last I laid hands upon the tools I sought, and ran back to the table to attack the seal; but in the same moment I stopped. The last words of the inscription caught my eye—“*Curst be he whoso shal do other than here is writen.*”

File and pincers fell from my hands and perspiration bathed my face. What was I about to do? Here it was eleven days before the appointed time, and I was about to open the box. I must stop, must resist. But that cry from within the box, that terrible, that awful,

cry! I paced the floor, holding my hands over my ears as if I could shut it out, as if I could close the ears of the spirit against it. What should I do—what could I do?

One of the books out of the chest lay in my way and I kicked it, driving the ancient volume across the room and scattering its leaves. To and fro I paced, rapidly, nervously, till of a sudden a discovery burst upon me. *This* was the final day! I marveled that it had never occurred to me before, but it had escaped my mind till that moment, when the words: “According to the Julian manner of computing,” which I saw in large print on a leaf of the old book, caused it to burst upon me like an inspiration. I had forgotten the change in the modern calendar. The bronze box having been sealed on the first day of April, 1389, to be opened just five hundred years to a day from that time, was due to be opened on that twenty first day of March.

How my heart leaped! Now the curse was lifted, now I was free—free to proceed to the solving of the mystery which had for so long tortured me. How I trembled! Eleven whole days swept away in a single moment, as though by a miracle! It was truly wonderful!

Once more I took up the tools, but something further in the inscription forced itself upon my notice, and I sank upon my study chair with a groan. Was I to be cheated after all? What stayed my hand now was the third command set forth in the inscription, the command that at the opening of the box some animal, large or small, should be present. Where could I find an animal in so short a time and at that hour of the night? And why necessary, after all? I would, at least, disregard that one injunction—but ah! The words of the threatened curse seemed to stand forth in letters of fire! I must forego the opening of the box altogether, or I must disregard that part of the mysterious mandate; and in either event, what of the curse? I was in a terrible dilemma, and knew not what I should do.

Ha! *The mouse!* Like a flash came the recollection of the mouse in the chest. Immediately I set to work to capture it. This proved a more difficult feat than I anticipated. I simply could not lay hold upon the nimble fellow; and when finally it ran up my arm and leaped to the floor my exasperation burst all restraint. It would have been a ludicrous sight, I doubt not, could any one have witnessed it, to see me, an aged college professor, with my whole soul intent upon the capture of a mouse; but then, no one could have understood the terrible necessity of the case. I moved every article of furniture in the room, I hurled book after book at the object of my wrath, perspiration ran from my face, while time was flying, flying; and that imagined voice, it was now shrieking and howling like a doomed soul suspended over the fabled pit of Acheron.

Victory was mine at last; a book hit the mouse, and before it could recover I had set my foot upon it. Nevertheless I was sorry the next moment, for now the tiny creature was mortally hurt; its side was crushed. But there was no time to waste upon sentiment; the hour of midnight was drawing on apace. I laid the wounded creature on the table beside me, and without another second's delay set about breaking the seal of the bronze box.

With file and pincers I cut and twisted with feverish haste, and at length the tough seal parted, when—my God! how shall I tell it? The instant the seal was broken that mouse became a man, his weight overturning the table and he falling with it to the floor. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes; but it was true, horribly, frightfully true! He was a man of great stature, with a strong frame and a fierce face, but he was mort-

ally wounded, his left side being frightfully crushed.

Oh! the horror of that moment! I would have screamed aloud, but my tongue clave and I was powerless to utter a sound. The man glared at me fiercely, striving to rise, and shook his fist at me, clamoring in a language quite unintelligible, while I could only stand and stare with very horror. Suddenly he caught up the bronze box and hurled it my head with all the strength he could exert; but it missed me and went through the open window, falling into the river.

In a few moments more the man expired. And I was—his murderer? No, no; not that, *not* that. It was the mouse I had injured; I did not know the bronze box contained the soul of a man—the soul of that nameless foe of Godfrey, my ancestor, here confined for five hundred years. I did not know; how could I have known?

I must have fainted, for I knew no more till the sun was high in the heavens, when I awoke to find the room filled with the faculty and students of the institution. I endeavored to explain, but they would not hear me. They looked upon me with commingled awe and pity, adjudging me insane. I wanted to convince them otherwise, but they only tried to pacify me as they might a wilful child. The sad plight my room was in was proof enough; it was what they had been expecting, they said.

I became enraged and stormed at them, but they fell upon me and made me a prisoner; and here I am, confined in a madhouse, unheard. The body was regarded simply as a cruel joke played upon me by some of the students, a "subject" procured somewhere and placed in my room.

Ah! the fools!



DERRINGFORTH.

By Frank A. Munsey,

Author of "A Tragedy of Errors," "On the Field of Honor," etc.

LXIII.

DEATH is not always without some compensating features. That keen sorrow which plunged Marion into deeper gloom—the loss of her mother—like a gentle hand tenderly shielded her from mingling with the gay world when her heart was dead to its allurements.

It was this same world that was chiefly responsible for the wrecking of her life. She could not think of it without a shudder, and longed to get away from it and its very atmosphere. The summer was before her. It was an eternity, as she saw it, without one bright spot, one wave of sunlight, to bring warmth and cheer to her enshrouded soul.

"I wish we could go into the woods, papa," she said, "where you and I could be alone. I haven't the strength or the courage to mingle with people. I want to go where I can be away from every one but you. Wouldn't you like the woods—would you be very lonely? I should try to keep you from being very lonely."

"I am glad you have made this suggestion," replied the father, his face brightening. "I believe it will be the very best thing for you, and I should like it myself. You must know, my dear, that I should be contented if I could see your youth and health returning."

Marion looked up quickly into her father's face. The tears filled her eyes. She tried to speak, but the words choked in her throat. It was scarcely a week yet since Phil's wedding day.

The middle of June saw her wish realized. She was in the Maine woods, far up towards the Canadian line, and among the giant pines. The camp was in a small clearing on the edge of as pic-

turesque a little lake as heart could desire. It was late at night when she arrived, and its beauty was veiled from her eyes. But the darkness even did not rob her first hours in the woods of the sweetest air she had ever breathed.

"What a perfect little gem!" she exclaimed; "and this is what you call a camp—it is the sweetest, snuggest little house I ever saw."

Mr. Kingsley was delighted. "Did you fancy I was bringing you to a rude log cabin?" he replied, adding, "just wait until morning, when you can see how really unique it is. It was designed by a young artist, who built it for himself without regard to cost, and then—just like an artist—soon wearied of his fad."

Marion slept that night as a child sleeps, and was awakened in the morning by the sweet music of the birds. The bright sunlight flooded her room, and she could hear the soft lapping of the waters on the beach, but a stone's throw from her window.

"How peaceful and soothing this is," she reflected. "I am so glad to be here;" and she raised her eyes to Heaven with grateful thanks.

Half an hour later she was on the piazza beside her father, and feasting her eyes on the beautiful sheet of water before her.

"Oh, papa, this *is* a new world!" she exclaimed, slipping her arm through his. "I have never seen anything so charming in all my life."

"It is one of God's beauty spots," returned the father, his heart gladdened by Marion's evident delight.

A moment's pause ensued, and then she answered, "Yes, one of God's beauty spots, and it is our privilege to enjoy it."

There was something so impressive in the way she said this that her father cast a quick glance of inquiry at her eyes.

"Do you know, papa," she went on, "this seems like God's world—not man's. How different the atmosphere! What harmony and sweetness everywhere! It is nature, the very heart of nature. Another week of New York, with its heat and dust and noise—with its sad and cruel memories—would have killed me. Oh, papa, you didn't know—you never can know—how I longed to get away from there. I felt that my endurance was almost gone; that whatever bravery I had been able to command was breaking up. But now that I am here in this new world, where everything is so peaceful and beautiful, I am sure I shall have the strength to prove myself a woman—such a woman as your daughter should be."

"My poor child," said the father, pressing his lips to her forehead, "you have been very brave. I have realized your suffering during these dark days, and my heart has ached for you."

It was indeed a life of seclusion that this father and daughter were entering upon, compared with that they had lived; but it was just the sort of life best suited to Marion in her present state of mind. She was incapable of deriving morbid pleasure from grief; of making a luxury of mourning, as too many do. There was blood in her veins. She could not shrink into the corner of her room, and there, in somber shadow, helplessly bemoan her fate, forgetting that God had given her youth and hands and brain.

But the uses to which these had been put for the last few years now palled upon her; and with that old sweet life of her girlhood she was no longer in touch. To get back to it was the cry of her heart.

Many a soul has echoed this cry in vain. To return *at a step*, as it were, from the scenes that dazzle and intoxicate the senses, to the quiet, restful halls of nature, hoping to find the same pleasures that thrilled the heart in the sweet old days, is to expect the impossi-

ble. As time is an important factor in the formation of one's tastes for the artificial life, so, too, time must enter largely into the reformation of one's tastes for the natural life.

The weaker nature, finding the old pleasures flat and insipid, speedily abandons the experiment, and hastily returns to the gay world, to which alone it is attuned. But Marion was not of this type. Her horizon had a broader scope. Nevertheless, it was the dread of the world she had just left, rather than the present love of that to which she had escaped, that made it possible even for her to be led back to the simpler, sweeter tastes of life.

If it be as difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, so likewise it is equally difficult for one whose very life depends upon the intoxicating stimulus of the social world to get back to a place where the simpler pleasures will again bring delight to the soul.

One day when Marion had been at the camp little more than a month, a letter came that gave added impetus to the present trend of her life. It quickened into memory an almost forgotten incident, and warmed her heart with a sense of happiness that she had thought never again to know.

The letter recorded the gratitude of an old man whom she had taken from the cold wintry streets and placed in a comfortable home.

"I cannot go," he wrote, "without telling you once more of my gratitude for your great kindness to me. My home here has been all that an old man without family and friends about him could hope for. It has been peaceful and comfortable, and but for the lack of ties that bring sweetness to old age, would have made me happy indeed. I was a wanderer in the streets, without a friend to whom I could go for a kindly look or a bit of bread, when you sent for me, fed and clothed me, cheered me with kind words, and gave me a home. Oh, I cannot tell you the brightness of that hour! If heaven be half so bright, it will more than fulfill the cravings of

the human heart; and if extending a kindly hand to them that falter by the way be the best mission of life, then God will see in you the highest type of womanhood. I thank you again, as I have thanked you a thousand times before."

This letter was accompanied by a brief note, saying that Marion's beneficiary had requested that it be forwarded to her after his death.

"And he is dead, poor old man," said Marion softly. "Dead, and no friend to follow him to the grave or to mourn his going. How alone an old man is without wife or child! I am so glad I did something towards making him comfortable. I wish I had done something to make him happy. He gives me more credit than I deserve. I could have done more for him than I did."

Finally Marion took up the letter again and read: "If extending a kindly hand to them that falter by the way be the best mission of life"—and here she stopped, and her head rested upon her hands and she thought.

Mr. Kingsley was more than gratified at the improvement the first month in the woods had made in Marion's health and spirits. She began to look a little like her old self. Her step had regained something of its elasticity, and her cheeks were once more tinged with color.

But he was keen sighted enough to see that she must have something more than boating and fishing and shooting to maintain a permanent interest in this new life. He accordingly surprised her one day by handing her a deed of the camp and a large tract of the surrounding property, embracing an area of about two miles square. This made her absolute mistress of the lake with its picturesque settings.

Marion was overwhelmed. "I cannot realize it, papa," she said, "cannot believe that all this beautiful place is mine. How can I ever thank you enough? Of all the spots in the world I have ever seen, I love this the most. You couldn't have done anything to please me so much."

"Your delight, Marion, amply repays

me for the outlay; and now that it is all yours, show me the genius you have for converting it into a park that will be the envy of all the country round. You shall have all the money you may require for this purpose. But let me suggest that your first thought be directed to enlarging the camp itself."

LXIV.

MR. KINGSLEY displayed great cleverness in the method he had fixed upon for awakening Marion's interest to the full extent of her active nature. She at once began planning for the enlargement of the camp and the laying out of the park. It was not long before an army of men were busy under her directions, and it filled Mr. Kingsley's heart with satisfaction to see the enthusiasm with which she went at her work.

"Verily human nature is malleable," he smiled, as he watched the perfect working of his scheme. "It can almost always be bent to one's liking when the right means is chosen."

The summer was gone all too quickly for Marion. It had not proved the eternity she had dreaded. The cold weather had already come, but she was unwilling to relinquish the work that had given her so much pleasure, and the men were kept busy until the snow made further progress with the park impossible. But those employed on the reconstruction of the camp were still retained, and Marion was with them so much that they soon came to constitute a part of her new world. In them she saw honesty—human nature in its simplicity, and she liked it, even as she liked the winter sports of which she had hitherto known nothing.

There was an exhilaration in skating, coasting, or a tramp through the woods on snow shoes, gun in hand, that was a refreshing novelty. In these there were health and healthy sentiments. She no longer found her music a bore, or a book a wearisome pastime. She had all the while been getting back towards the heart of nature, and was already in sympathetic touch with it.

"The holidays will soon be here,

Marion," remarked Mr. Kingsley one evening. They had just finished a game of chess, and were sitting dreamily watching the blazing logs in the great fireplace.

"Yes; just think, we have been here almost six months."

"And you are not tired of it yet?"

"No; not yet."

"Wouldn't you rather spend the holidays in New York?"

"They would make me very lonely there; here I can make them bright. Shall I tell you of a little scheme I have had in mind?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"Well, it is just this. I want to make the jolliest Christmas that ever was, for these mechanics and their families, and for our servants, not forgetting poor old Jack. I couldn't think of leaving him out; and there may be one or two others I should wish to ask. Now what do you think of it?"

"Unique, to say the least."

"But how do you like it?" urged Marion anxiously.

"On the whole, I like it—that is, if you have thought it all out, and find it can be done."

"It can be done. I have thought it out."

"And the eating and sleeping—rather important points, you know."

"Yes."

"You know the size of these men's families, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes—not so large as you might think, and besides, children are what we want. Christmas isn't Christmas without them, you know."

"Yes, that is so, but—"

"But it is possible to overdo a good thing, you think. Well, just wait. I shall manage everything beautifully, and you shall have at least half your bed."

It was the night before Christmas, and all in the house was not as still as the traditional mouse, for the half dozen mechanics, with their wives and children, were there; also Jack, the guide, and a number of his cronies, like himself, wise in woodcraft, together with a generous quota of servants, making,

with Marion and her father, the most unique company of thirty ever gathered under one roof in that wild retreat.

The merrymaking began with a jolly college song, which Marion gave with a spirit that set the pace for the evening. The applause made the rafters ring. There was a heartiness, a genuineness about this that both amused and delighted her. Nothing would do but she must repeat the song. One thing particularly impressed her as she sang, and that was the expression of one of her listeners—a young girl of perhaps fifteen. With the others it was largely the words that brought laughter to their faces, but with this one it was the music that stirred her soul. She drank in every note with an earnestness that aroused Marion's interest. When the song was finished there were tears in her eyes, and her slight frame trembled from the intensity of her emotions.

She was the daughter of Adam Remsen, the head carpenter. Her name was Elizabeth. Dressed in the quaint fashion of the country, there was yet in her manner and features the refinement of the city. She had never before heard the notes of a piano, and they set all her nerves tingling.

If the guests could have had their way, they would have made Marion furnish all the entertainment for the evening, but this was not in accordance with her plans.

"Christmas is children's day," she protested; "we must give them a chance."

And little Billy Dunn stood up in his chair and piped off a declamation with a self complacency that made him the envy of the other children. There was nothing that gave Billy so enlarged a conception of his diminutive size as speech making. As he sat down, there was a look on his face which said, "Did you ever hear anything like that in New York?"

"Billy says he is goin' to be a orator," said his mother, patting him on the head proudly.

"I am sure he is," returned Marion. "He speaks with the ease of a veteran already."

"Well, I've spoke a good lot," interposed the young Demosthenes. "'Tain't nothin' new to me."

Elizabeth now contributed her share to the entertainment by singing a simple little ballad. It was sweetly sung, revealing qualities of voice that amazed Marion. She insisted upon its being repeated, and this recognition by Marion of the talent of one of their number fairly astounded the others. Elizabeth—Adam Remsen's girl! And they looked at each other, seeming to say, "Well, what's coming next?"

But there were two who cast no such glances. They were Adam Remsen and his wife, in whose eyes there were tears of joy.

There were other declamations, and then Marion sang again, receiving the same hearty applause as before. Here Dan Brierly, one of Jack's cronies, thinking to be a little facetious, and considering it would be a good thing to have a little fun at Jack's expense, said:

"Now that the other boys hev had their say, we ought ter hev a speech from you, Jack. Ye're great at speech makin'."

There was a howl of delight at this suggestion. Jack turned red and wobbled uncomfortably in his chair. "Speech, speech, speech!" called out the men in stentorian tones, forgetting where they were, and the cry was taken up by the boys, with the exception of little Billy Dunn, who was impressed with the conviction that Dan Brierly would much better have called on him. "The idea of old Jack Brammersly making a speech!" he said to himself, contemptuously elevating his little pug nose.

"I ain't no man ter shirk when there's somethin' ter be done," began Jack, rising and stretching himself up to the height of six feet three; "and it 'pears ter me there is somethin' ter to be done, and that is ter say a word or two about all this kindness from Miss Marion and her father."

These utterances had scarcely left his lips when there followed a thundering round of applause, showing the most hearty approval of his sentiments.

"It 'pears ter me," went on Jack,

"that it's jest as well ter hit straight out from the shoulder and say what's in yer heart ter say, as ter repeat, as these here youngsters hev been doin', the words of them old fellers that was writ for another age and ter hit another mark. When it comes down ter repeatin', I ain't in it—I hain't got no time fer repeatin' things, any way. And I ain't no orator, and I don't see why a man has got ter be ter say anything, if he has it ter say, and I hev somethin' ter say, and that is that nobody has ever come inter these woods that has brought in here anything like the square inches of big heartedness and liberalness that Miss Marion and her father has brought" (ringing applause).

"I tell yer what it is, and I know what I'm a talkin' about; there has been more fair days sence her comin', six months ago, than there was in the six years before her comin'. Why, it's been like another world, and yer all know it. We've all been rich, jest rich, that's what it is. We hain't wanted anything but what it's come ter us, hev we? Yer hain't none of yer known of anybody hereabouts bein' sick and goin' without a doctor, and jest slathers of medicine, hev yer? No, not one of yer; and yer hain't known of nobody, either, whose crops has failed 'em, and they've gone hungry. Now this is somethin' that don't happen once in a lifetime. I never run agin' it before in my lifetime, and I never expected ter run agin it till I'd gone yonder into the clearin'. But this ain't all. Where is there anybody else on these trappin' grounds, or any other, that would do what Miss Marion is doin' fer us all here tonight? Why, it's onaccountable, and we ain't none of us any kin of hern; and d' yer know, she has jest been workin' on this thing fer nigh onto a month—makin', buyin', plannin', and all this, and fer what?—not fer herself, I'll be bound, but fer us, jest ter give us a good time, and by the powerfulest buck I ever seed, ain't it a good time?—one that will keep our hearts young all the way ter the end of the trail."

Long before Jack's speech was finished all who had urged him to speak, think-

ing to have some rude fun at his expense, were gaping with wonder and amazement. He talked straight at them, his words carrying with the unerring aim of a bullet from his rifle. They understood him and agreed with him, and all stood up and cheered with hearty good will.

This simple, homely speech, from this great, strong man, took hold of Marion as no other speech had ever done. There was a rugged sincerity in his manner that gave eloquence to his utterance.

"I thank you, Jack, I thank you very much," she said, struggling to hide her emotion, and at the same time reached her hand out to him. He gave it that grasp that makes one instinctively say, "*he is a man.*" And then, continuing, she added: "I have seen a good deal of polite life, and have met many men, both in this country and Europe. I have known many who could say very pretty things—who have said them to me; but none, Jack, not one, has ever paid me so fine a tribute as you have tonight."

Poor old Jack, he was embarrassed now, but nevertheless he was the hero of the hour, and good feeling ran riot through the hearts of all. Jack had always been regarded as an exceptionally tall man, but now, in the eyes of his friends, he seemed at least six feet taller than he was before, and they wondered that they had never recognized his true stature before.

The Christmas tree had been rigged on wheels, and at this point it was pushed into the room, fairly groaning from its weight of treasures. How the eyes of young and old alike did sparkle, even as the gold and silver tinsel upon the tree! Not one of these country folk had ever seen such a sight before. Christmas had been a barren day with them—a day on which Santa Claus was supposed to do a good deal to help them make merry; but, as a matter of fact, he had done little or nothing. This year, however, through the charm of Marion's influence, he made ample amends, and showered gifts upon them until an intoxication of joy made the very room reel. Marion thought she had

seen some pretty big eyes in children before, but never until tonight had she realized how big eyes really can be. Nor was the revelation communicated to her by the children alone.

The distribution of the presents was followed by a bountiful supper—a supper to be remembered by her guests throughout a lifetime. Marion was at a loss to know which gave her the keener delight, their gaping wonder over the Christmas tree, or their amazing capacity for the Christmas feast. After the supper half an hour of good old fashioned games, of the order of blind man's buff, brought the evening to a close, and a memorable evening it was.

But there was yet a good deal of fun for Marion in stowing away her guests for the night. Bright and early in the morning, the children, and those of older growth as well, were up and again delighting their hearts over their presents. After breakfast all became children together, and spent a merry Christmas morning out of doors, coasting on the glib white snow.

LXV.

LATE in the afternoon of Christmas day, when all Marion's guests had gone, and she sat alone in the library, thinking over the pleasures of the last few hours, and watching through the window a stray snow bird flitting from branch to branch, the sound of sleigh bells suddenly fell upon her ear. A stranger was driving rapidly towards the house.

"What can it mean?" she thought. "What has happened?"

But the suspense was soon over. She held in her hand a small package bearing her name. The express messenger who brought it had come a distance of nearly twenty miles, making a special trip by the direction of the sender of the package. This fact, which Marion gleaned from the loquacious stranger, filled her with wonder, and she hurried to her own room to open it.

The removal of the wrapper revealed to her eyes a handsome seal leather case, on which her name was stamped in gold

letters. Her heart beat faster. She unlocked the case, and there, nestling in folds of pale blue silk, was a tiny volume, perhaps three and a half inches long by two and a half wide. It was the most exquisite booklet eye had ever seen. The binding was made entirely of silver, bearing a chaste design, in the center of which was Marion's monogram.

She took it up with trembling fingers, and opening it, her eyes fell upon a card inclosed. One glance at the name, and all the passion of her heart—that old love that was her life—broke its chains and overpowered her. That name was Derringforth.

The leaves of the booklet were of heavy parchment, and on them was printed one of the beautiful songs of Tennyson's "Princess." There were no illustrations; nothing to mar the sweetness of the poem itself.

It was some time before Marion could

calm herself sufficiently to open the covers again. When she did so, she read these lines:

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,

Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under world;

Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns

The earliest pipe of half awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O, Death in Life, the days that are no more!"

(*To be continued.*)

NATURE'S NOTES.

MUSICIANS rare are wind and wave,
The seasons passing by;
To neither pride nor wealth a slave,
Nor to position high;

Such thrilling strains have nature's songs—
The moaning in the oak,
The whispers in brown maple throngs,
As if the fairies spoke.

With thy sweet voice, O spring, awake
The rigid form of death,
And set the grasses all ashake
With thy warm, fragrant breath;

Come, golden footed summer time,
With roses pink and flush,
And set the sunny skies in rhyme
With all earth's bloom and blush.

Come like a sigh within a dream
Of bliss, O autumn days;
Tinge gay the green of lake and stream,
And shroud the hills in haze;

Like surges roar through woodlands brown,
Thou winter, bleak and sharp,
And where the darkling sea waves frown,
Sweep all thy stormy harp!

Genesee Richardson.

THE TWO MRS. ELDER GREENS.

By Phillips McClure.

"OH, yes," the judge said, as he put down his whisky and water in the Salt Lake club room, "a man who has practised law in Kentucky and Wyoming—where they have women juries—and Utah, could gather up a tale or two. You talk about 'An Englishman in Paris' being interesting. If some old lawyer, or some young lawyer for that matter, would go about through the West and South, where human nature hasn't had all the juice dried out of it, and simply compile the stories that are written down on the court records, he would have a picture of this big country such as no novelist will ever write. You can't expect to get a picture of life spun out of the brain of a man who shuts himself up in a room with pen and ink and paper. What does he know of life?"

"Yes, sir! These magazine writers take a couple of dolls—wax and wood, both out of the same box—and dress one in trousers and the other in petticoats, and wind up the little machinery inside of 'em, and make them take their little walk, and turn their little heads, and come home again. If they don't get in on time, the story is 'inartistic.' Men and women, made out of blood and bone, reddened and strengthened in God's out o' doors, aren't so particular about the 'art' of the thing.

"There were Elder Green's wives. I was at that funeral. I heard the whole thing. I used to know Green away back in the seventies, long before Brigham died. He had a little place about ten miles out, and was quite a light in the church, notwithstanding his having only one wife. It was fashionable, then, to have four at the very least. I asked Brigham one night how it happened that they tolerated such an unpatriarchal example as Green's in their midst. The president pursed up his mouth, and said

that now and then it happened that one equaled many; and he made some further remarks about Sarah and Abraham. I remarked to myself that Elder Green only resembled Abraham in being henpecked.

"He was a mild, meek, white sort of man, who always looked as though he humbly imagined himself to be taking up more than his allotted allowance of room, which is a very singular attitude for a man with all out doors to turn around in, as you had in Utah in those days. But Mrs. Elder Green was an entirely different sort of person. She was large and strong from working in the fields, as she did, doing a man's work beside her husband, and taking care of the house besides. They had no children, but a very tidy little place, which owed as much to Mrs. Green as to the elder. When she spoke you could hear her all over the place, but even in the temple, when the elder arose, you only caught half of his very mild words.

"They had come from Illinois when they were young. As Mrs. Green always loudly remarked, they hadn't anything against polygamy for the ones that believed in it, but for their own part they didn't. She was older than he, and the distance of years was widened in appearance by the life she had led. She always said apologetically that the elder 'wasn't so very strong,' and she took a great many burdens from his shoulders. She used to remind me of a strong, busy mother with an ailing child. The elder was about forty years old, I should judge, and a very good looking man, if you could stand his meekness, when all the trouble began.

"The Gentiles had found out the beauties and the value of the Territory, and had begun to come in by the hundred. As a matter of course they wanted things their own way, and looked about

for the best method of clipping the wings of the Mormons. The first and easiest thing to do was to raise a hue and cry against polygamy, and make it illegal. There are some people who are always a day after the fair, and Elder Green was one of them. Left to his own devices, he never would have been in time for anything, and in this case I suppose you could hardly have expected Mrs. Green to jog his energy.

"A new lot of converts had come over from London with Elder Banning, and among them were some families from Wales. These new converts were constantly coming in, and very little attention was paid to them. They were a heavy, brutal looking set as a rule; but this time there was something different. I was coming down to the post office on Sunday morning when I met one of the Smiths. He stopped me, and asked me to go over to the temple and hear some music. He said there was a girl from Wales with a throat like a nightingale's. I suppose he would have described it to his brethren as being angelic, but none of them was very apostolic of speech with me.

"I went.

"That girl is singing in grand opera with a big salary at this minute, and nobody knows her story, nor am I going to connect her with it; but you may imagine what she seemed like in those days in the Mormon temple. She wasn't more than eighteen, and she had a face as pure and beautiful as it looks now, when she paints it up for *Marguerite*. Every Gentile in town rushed there to hear that girl sing, and everybody tried to make her acquaintance; but the guards around her were as impassable as a cactus hedge. They didn't mean to let her get away.

"I sat very near Green that first day she sang, and I never saw anything like the look that came over his face. He always went about with his eyes down, but when that voice soared up, it seemed to lift his face with it, and he opened his eyes as though he had never seen the light before. I never kept up with the ways of Mormondom; the truth is, it would be a hard thing to do. At that

time they were more secret in their ways than they had ever been before, if that were possible. There is no secret society on earth as close as Mormonism, but there is one thing which even that cannot control—a woman. It came like a bomb in the camp one morning that Mrs. Elder Green had come in and testified before the grand jury that her husband had married another wife, and that the new partner of his sorrow was the Welsh singer.

"It seemed incredible at first, all around, on every count. People could not believe that the meek elder could have run away from his wife long enough to marry another woman, or that he would have had the courage to do it in the face of the new laws, when they were arresting men for living with their families. Least of all was it to be expected that the Welsh girl would look at him. But it was all true. I suppose that girl expressed all the poetry or sentiment that had been starved in Green all his life, and—well, there's no telling what a woman will do.

"They supposed that the first Mrs. Green would be like the rest of the Mormon women, ready to listen to their brand of reason, and I suppose that is what she appeared to do. Lord, but I should like to have seen Elder Green announcing his marriage! I don't believe he had ever expressed an opinion before, since he was first married. Nobody ever knew just how it was. Mrs. Green came in and made her complaint, and said that they were living out at the little place, without any expectation of being arrested, and she gave proofs.

"There wasn't anything to do, but to send out and arrest Green. The sheriff went himself. He said that the first Mrs. Green was working around the house, and the second and the elder were tying up pea vines in the garden. When they found what was wanted, the elder got a little whiter than usual, and went into the house for his coat, with the Welsh girl following him, crying. Mrs. Green was kneading bread, pounding it on the board with her big fists, and she never turned her head. The elder stopped a minute and looked at

her in a pitiful sort of way. She had always stood between him and trouble, but she never made a sign. He came out and got into the wagon with the sheriff, and the Welsh girl stood against the door, with her handkerchief to her eyes. Just as they drove away Mrs. Green walked over to her, and, taking her by the shoulder, gave her a fling which sent her spinning out over the yard. Then she shut the door.

"Well, the elder was put in jail, and the Welsh girl used to visit him every day. His trial had been set for the September term of court, when, one morning, along about the third week in July, he was found dead in his cell. The doctors said that it was heart failure, that he must have always had a weak heart, and the strain had been too much for him. Mrs. Green, the original Mrs. Green, never came near. She stayed out at her place and held the fort, and let the elder's body be taken to one of the church houses. She never made any sort of sign that she knew he was dead, until the funeral.

"All Mormondom turned out to that funeral. They looked upon the elder in the light of a martyr, and I am afraid that if it had been a few years earlier, Mrs. Green would have found it more than dangerous to live alone; but there are not as many mysterious disappearances as there used to be in Utah. All the Gentiles went, who had any curiosity at all. I went, because I had known them all, and I wanted to see what would happen.

"The elder looked as peaceful as a sleeping child, and I couldn't help but feel that he had the best of it. What could he do but die? His wife had been his strength, his motive power, all these years. When he was thrown upon his own resources everything stopped.

"The services at the grave were almost over. The Welsh girl, surrounded by a group of friends, and covered with black stuff, stood at the head, sobbing hysterically, when there was a pushing aside, and Mrs. Green came ponderously through the crowd, and stood before her. She wore a large figured calico dress, and looked like a grenadier in petticoats.

The expression of her face was martial. She never said a word. By a trick of my imagination, I suppose, there seemed to be even a trace of amusement about her small, light gray eyes.

"As they began filling up the grave, Mrs. Green broke the solemn silence. She put out her bare hand and gave the Welsh girl a poke. 'I hope you're satisfied now he's dead and buried.'

"The girl gave a sort of groan, and her friends led her away, with almost everybody following. The earth was nearly level, and Mrs. Green still stood there, when suddenly she seemed to go all to pieces for a second. Then she snatched the shovel from one of the men, and began throwing out that dirt like something wild.

"Dig! Dig!' she shouted. 'He ain't dead. He's often like this. I won't murder him!'

"The men looked at her as at somebody insane, and one man tried to take the shovel from her, but she gave him a blow with it which sent him sprawling, and went on with her work. One of the men joined her. She threw the loose lid of the box out as though it had been pasteboard. She didn't wait for a screw driver, but pried the flimsy lid of the coffin off. People had come hurrying back, and even the most stolid Mormons were white with horror at the sacrilege of the woman. She lifted her husband's body as though it had been a child's, and climbing out beside it on the ground, began artificial respiration.

"Bring some water!' she shouted.

"By this time people had begun to believe that she knew what she was about, and dozens ran to do her bidding. Will you believe it? In half an hour Elder Green rode home beside his wife in her spring wagon and his grave clothes. He looked pretty white and sick, but she assured us it was nothing serious or uncommon.

"The trial? Oh, we weren't so particular in those days. It seemed too foolish to begin the trouble all over again. Elder Green stayed at home and behaved himself, and, as I said before, the Welsh girl went on the stage. I wonder if she ever remembers!"

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER.

The man who stands at the head of the greatest of all judicial bodies—His character and abilities, his New England boyhood and his brilliant career at the bar in Chicago.

By Matthew White, Jr.

"I SUPPOSE I might as well see him. Poor fellow, he and his kind have a hard enough time of it at best. Let him come right in here. When he sees I am at dinner he will not stay so long."

This was the message the Chicago lawyer sent out by the servant to the reporter who had called at an inopportune time with a request for an interview. It was at the close of an April day in 1888, and when the newspaper man was admitted his first words were:

"Well, Mr. Fuller, can I say that you will accept the appointment?"

"The appointment? What appointment?"

"To the Chief Justiceship. Surely you have heard——"

"Not a word."

It was in this informal fashion that the present head of the nation's highest court received the first intimation of his selection for this distinguished honor. It was the fourth office that had been tendered him by President Cleveland, all the others having been declined.

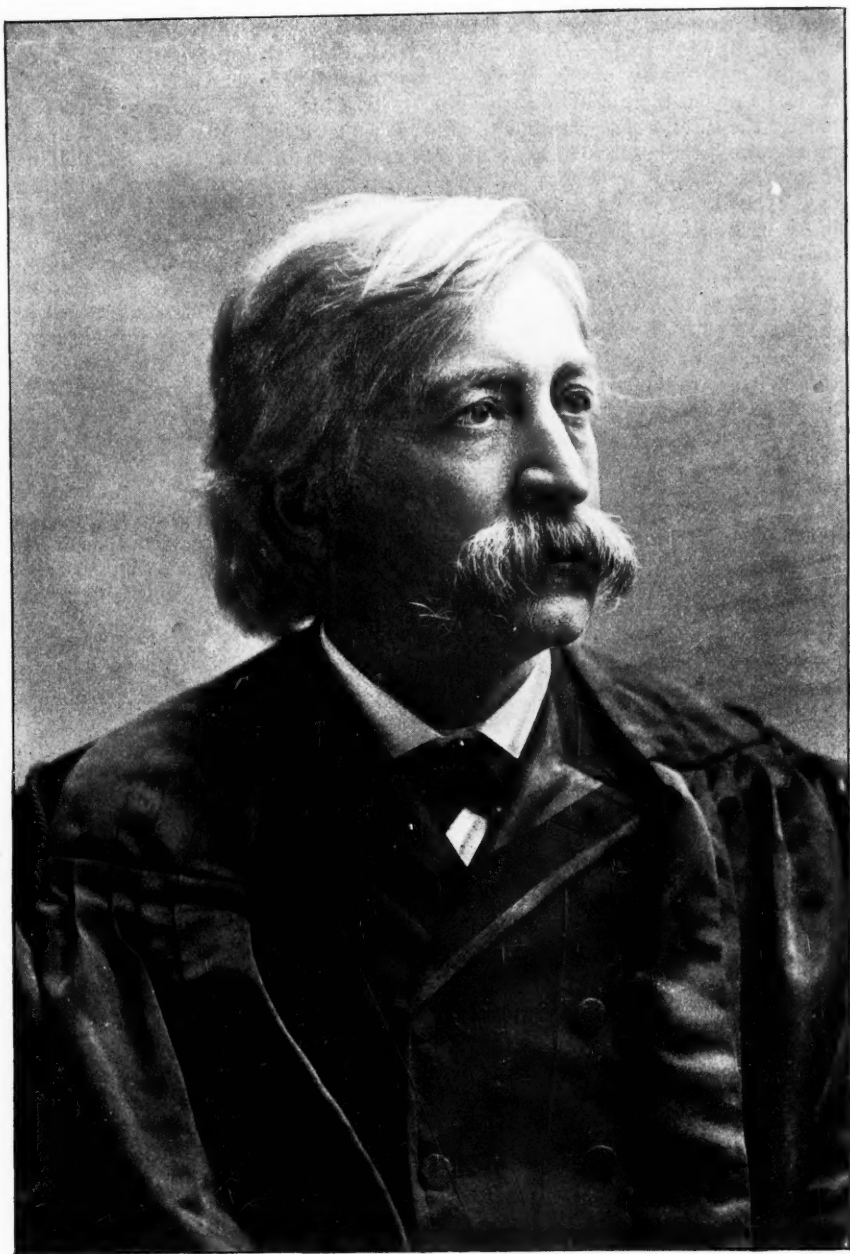
Melville Weston Fuller is an emphatic refutation of the theory that a man owes little to ancestry, and that the highest rounds in the ladder are reserved solely for those who begin to climb with bare feet. His father was a lawyer, his paternal grandfather was a probate judge, and his maternal grandfather chief justice of the State of Maine. He was not even a country boy—that *sine qua non* of distinction, as some biographers would have us believe—for he was born in the city of Augusta. This was in 1833. His parents being well to do, the boy received a thorough education, and

was not obliged to work between whiles to pay for it. When he was sixteen he entered Bowdoin College, and on graduating here, studied law at Harvard and in the office of his uncle at Bangor. Thus, according to general precedent, he should have become a steady going, commonplace practitioner, setting no rivers on fire, for lack of the fuel which only he who has to battle with adversity is supposed to be capable of gathering.

Nevertheless Justice Fuller's rise is not owing to adventitious circumstances. As a worker, the man is a wonder. He possesses extraordinary powers of concentration. For instance, soon after he opened his office in Augusta, he became city attorney, served as alderman, and acted as editor of the *Age*. This sheet was a rival of the *Kennebec Journal*, at that time in charge of James G. Blaine. But even all these irons in the fire did not satisfy the ambition of the young lawyer.

His native town fettered him. He longed for enlarged opportunities, and these he sought in Chicago, which was at that time only the acorn of the oak to which it has since grown. Of course he was unknown to his new neighbors. A reputation achieved on the banks of the Kennebec does not much avail a man in the West, where the question is not, "What have you done amid your old, conventional surroundings?" but, "What can you do to help us build up out of raw materials a name and fame for our town as well as for yourself?"

Young Fuller did not become discouraged because there was the equivalent of a new beginning to be made. He iden-



MELVILLE WESTON FULLER,
Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

tified himself with the interests of the young city, and by this means acquired a wide experience that was to stand him in good stead in his profession. As a result he was as thoroughly equipped to handle the suits which grew out of the prorogation of the Illinois Legislature in 1863, as he was to deliver the three days' speech which made him famous in connection with the Cheney heresy trial.

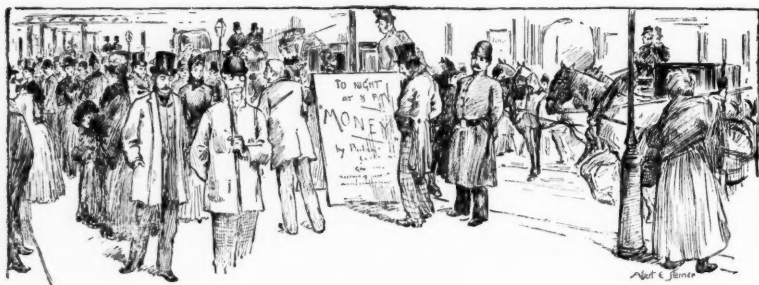
It was not long before Mr. Fuller became the foremost lawyer in Chicago. Indeed, as has been said of him, even that wonder among cities has not advanced more rapidly to the front rank than has this her son by adoption. The reasons therefor are not far to seek. His mind is especially rich in that all too rare qualification—judgment. He does not permit himself to be swayed by any previous prejudice, any whim of the moment, or any possible retribution of the future. He takes up each case and views it in all its bearings, dispassionately, logically, and with a memory amply stocked with precedents from which he can draw in justifying him in his decision on the line of argument.

And when it comes to the presentation of the latter, the Chief Justice does

not lag behind for lack of ability to make the jury think as he does. He possesses an eloquence in diction that is particularly persuasive.

In Chicago, for many years, he enjoyed an income from the practice of his profession of thirty thousand dollars a year. To forego this when he accepted the Chief Justiceship called for the exercise of a peculiar character of self denial. His salary at Washington is only \$10,500, and Chief Justice Fuller has a large family—eight daughters and one son. There are few cases in which public offices have been filled with more benefit to the people, and less proportionate emolument to the holder.

When the nomination was made by President Cleveland, an Eastern paper humorously commented on the pride one should have in the bigness of our country, a bigness so decided that it was able to hide in comparative obscurity for so long a time a man so able as Melville Weston Fuller. He was one of the youngest men who have ever received the appointment to the head of the Supreme Bench—a fact that is a matter for congratulation, as it gives reason to hope for his lengthy tenure of the office which he fills so ably.



FRIENDSHIP.

THE heart that friendship truly warms,
Then marches on with double shield
To guard it through the warring storms
Of struggling life's great battlefield.

Henry Boynton.

THE STAGE

GEORGIA CAYVAN TALKS ABOUT "THE AMAZONS."

"If the people take the men's clothes all right, the play will make not only a success, but a sensation.' That is what I told Mr. Frohman when he was considering the production of 'The Amazons.'"

So said Miss Georgia Cayvan in chatting for MUNSEY'S about Mr. Pinero's comedy, which has fulfilled her prophecy by becoming the most talked about play in the metropolis.

"I dreaded it, yes," Miss Cayvan went on. "I knew how people would look at each other with round eyes when they heard that in the Lyceum's new piece I was to appear in—well, in knickerbockers. There was only one redeeming feature in the prospect: so confident was I that the people *would* take the men's clothes all right that I knew I should escape the drudgery of rehearsals for many months after it was once launched."

This Miss Cayvan will certainly do, as "The Amazons" will finish out the season in New York, and is to be the bill for the opening of the tour of the company, in Chicago, next August. As to the matter of the attire of the three principals, the daintiest of women find the costumes charming, and do not in the least lose their respect for the actresses who wear them. Indeed, a competent authority on such points has declared that the hunting suit worn by *Noeline* in act second is a model for a woman's outing costume which cannot be improved upon. But here is Miss Cayvan's opinion of the comedy itself:

"Certainly it is a pretty play, isn't it? Why, do you know, on the night of the dress rehearsal, when I went in front to get the effect, I was so taken up by the acting that I entirely forgot to notice the setting of that woodland scene which you are all admiring so much.

"My club swinging in the last act? Oh, I merely followed out the directions of my part for that, which is, I hear, more than they did in London. Yes; I took lessons from Professor Kimble, of the Seventh Regiment gymnasium. I began with him ten days before the first performance. You see, I don't want people to think it is a specialty. It is merely business incidental



Jean de Reszke.

From a photograph by Benque, Paris.

to the action. You remember how I yawn in the midst of it? All that, of course, is down in my part. They tell me that in London that last act fell rather flat, but there they didn't follow Mr. Pinero's prompt book as closely in detail as we do here.

"As to the way I feel over the assumption of a rôle in such contrast to those I have been taking, I realize that we are all womanly after all is said and done. Even as *Noeline*, as soon as I am conscious that I am in love, the man's attire becomes perfectly hateful to me.

"As you say, that is one of the beauties of the play: the differentiation in the characters of the three sisters. As the eldest, I accept my mother's rulings that we be brought up as boys, as a matter of course. Miss Florence's part shows plainly that she rebels constantly at the maternal mandate, while Miss Tyree, as *Tommy*, glories in the fun and frolic that the boy element in her life justifies. Really, it is all so artistic that there is no chance for any other view of it; and looking at the matter in this light, I forget all the masquerading in masculine attire."

Seldom has a new piece been brought out in the metropolis that has won such instant and universal praise as has "The Amazons." The very idea of the play is an inspiration—the attempt of an English mother, who wished for boys, to bring up her three girls as nearly like their non-existent brothers as possible.

Next to the "brothers" (for as such the



Mme. Schalchi.

girls always allude to one another) Fritz Williams and Ferd. Gottschalk (late of the Rosina Vokes company) especially distinguish themselves. Mr. Williams impersonates a Frenchman with a consuming longing to have been born English, and a never tiring endeavor to ape British speech and manners. His success in showing this, while at the same time he retains all the characteristics of the sons of

Gaul, ranks his *Comte de Grival* as one of his most finished renditions—high praise for an actor whose gallery is hung with so many ably sketched character portraits.

Mr. Gottschalk's *Earl of Tweenways* presents to the boards an altogether unique study in humorous lines. The earl is in poor health, in which he rather glories, because it is a family failing, and every twinge reminds him that he is a Tweenways.

A BRILLIANT OPERA SEASON.

It is rare that even the capitals of the Old World, with their companies subsidized by the state, can furnish a parallel to the thoroughly competent organization that Messrs. Abbey and Grau gathered for their American opera season of 1893-'4. Of the leading artists, we have already presented in this department the portraits of Mmes. Calvé (whose *Carmen* has been the sensation of the season); Melba (excelling in the rendition of colorature rôles such as *Lucia* and *Semiramide*); Nordica, and Sigrid Arnoldson.

Mme. Emma Eames (Mrs. Story) is well known to metropolitan audiences, who cherished happy memories of her *Marguerite*. She was warmly welcomed back



Edouard de Reszke.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

last fall, and has added fresh laurels to those already garnered, particularly in the case of her *Michaela* in "Carmen." A sketch of Mme. Fames' career may be found in MUNSEY'S for March, 1892.

What opera goer does not remember the sensation created a decade or so ago, when Patti and Scalchi crowded the old Academy to overflowing with enthusiastic audiences who had paid great prices to hear the two famous duets in the otherwise rather stupid "Semiramide"? As a member of the Abbey-Grau forces, Mme. Scalchi, with Melba, has revived recollections of the old days in Rossini's opera.

It seems odd that of the three leading prime donne, Calvé, whose singing in "Carmen" has saved the season, as the

saying goes, should receive the lowest salary. But it is only less by a few dollars than that drawn by Eames and Melba—a thousand dollars for each performance—a fact that is accounted for by the fact that Mme. Calvé, according to contract, is paid in francs.

Of the men, the Polish brothers, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, need no introduction to the reader. Sketches of both, also of M. Lassalle—the famous Wagner baritone—appeared under the title of "The Great French Trio" in MUNSEY'S for April, 1892. Jean de Reszke receives \$1,200 every time he sings.

Signor De Lucia, a new comer, is a tenor of strong dramatic instincts, who is the *José* in "Carmen," the strongest drawing

card of the season. He has also made a hit in "I Pagliacci." Plançon, who has divided the basso honors with Edouard de Reszke, is from the Paris Opéra company, and came to New York with a strong London indorsement.

The regular winter season of thirteen weeks in New York opened on November 27 with "Faust," and closed on February 24 with an extra performance of "Carmen."

modern Athens, surfeited all day with the contemplation of his own erudition, must go to the other extreme at night in order to maintain the equilibrium of nature. All of which is preliminary to remarking that "1492" is the most noteworthy recent exception to the rule.

Transferred from Boston to New York, last summer, the metropolitan career of this rollicking Columbian extravaganza contin-



Fernando De Lucia.



Pol. Plançon.

On some of the off nights performances were given in Brooklyn and Philadelphia. The company divide six weeks of tour between Boston and Chicago, after which a short supplementary season will be given in the metropolis.

"1492"; ITS TRAMP, ITS QUEEN, AND ITS SUCCESSOR.

NEW YORK, as a rule, does not take kindly to Boston successes. Oddly enough, the critics at the self constituted center of culture are not nearly so severe as are their confrères in that mart of mammon, the metropolis. Clumsily constructed fabrics of topical songs, a character comedian, and a skirt dance, which in New York would be dismissed with a few lines of caustic comment, draw from the newspaper men of the Hub half a column or more of eulogy. Odd, isn't it? It may be that the citizen of the

ues to lengthen itself in sleek prosperity. John Drew's "Butterflies" have chased it from Palmer's to the Garden, but as age does not wither, neither does transplanting stale its infinite variety.

By the way, if you care to watch the rise of a comedian who is pretty certain some day to rank with Francis Wilson, keep in mind Walter Jones, who trebles the rôles of *King Ferdinand*, the tramp, and the burlesque Sandow.

Mr. Jones is only twenty two, and as his undeniable abilities are united with a modest appreciation of them as rare as it is commendable, an enlarged cranium is not likely to interfere with his promising prospects. He was a Western boy who didn't like study. When only ten years old he ran away from home and joined a circus near Cincinnati. He had a hard time of it at the beginning. There were no soft



Jean Lassalle.

From a photograph by Benque, Paris.

places made for him. He found himself among strangers, men who are not in the habit of giving something for nothing, even to a child. He helped with the tent fixings at first, did some accidental tumbling, finally got a footing and a costume, and so he hewed his own way up.

Richard Harlow still continues his inimitable impersonation of *Queen Isabella*, the wonder of which forms a never ceasing topic of comment among beholders. Mr. Harlow, who is a young Bostonian not over twenty three, laughingly declares that his popularity is due to the passion of the public for "freaks."

"I perfectly loathe the theater when I am playing," he said recently to the writer, "and yet when I go to see a performance

and sit with the audience, I keep saying to myself, "Oh, if I were only up there on the stage! It must be jolly good fun!"

Mr. Rice has commissioned R. A. Barnet, the author of "1492," to write a new burlesque, founded on Longfellow's "Excelsior." This is to be called "Upidee," and is to be ready for production in New York next August, when "1492" will start on a tour which includes only the principal cities—Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago.

"THE BUTTERFLIES" AND ITS THREE STARS.

NEW YORK has given a cordial welcome home to John Drew. His "Butterflies," although as light and airy as its name, has captured the town, which has indorsed



Emma Eames.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

Chicago's enthusiastic approval of Olive May, the new ingenue of his company, who has lately become Mrs. Henry Guy Carleton. Miss May's success is another instance of the overturning of the old theory that the training of a dramatic school is of no practical value, for she is a graduate of the Conservatory of Acting in Chicago, her native city. For two seasons she was with Stuart Robson. She was playing with Robert Hilliard and Paul Arthur in "The Nominee" when Charles Frohman engaged her for *Susanne* in "The Butterflies."

The bound with which she has sprung into the high favor of the public is very similar to the experience that befell her sister actress, Maude Adams, last season. Happy is that star who, like Mr. Drew, can with each new play put forward a new player who achieves a success second only to his own. Miss Adams and Miss May make a charming couple, and the stairway scene of the second act forms one of the prettiest stage pictures of the year.

Miss Adams' first appearance was made on a tea tray in "The Lost Child" at Salt Lake

City when she was nine months old. She is twenty one now, and although she has been acting for several seasons, she has succeeded admirably in keeping herself from becoming blasé over her work. This will be understood at once by all those who have come in contact with members of the pro-

to write for him, and which is to be ready by October 15.

AT A "UTOPIA" REHEARSAL.

WHEN this magazine reaches the reader, Gilbert and Sullivan's latest opera, "Utopia, Limited," will have started on what it is



Maude Adams.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

fession, when they learn that she enjoys rehearsals and doesn't in the least object to matinées.

"You see," she explains, "matinées serve to get me right into the spirit of the play for the evening. I generally feel ready to begin by the time the whole thing is over, as one is very apt to feel dull during the first act."

Mr. Drew's engagement in New York continues until May 1, and it is possible that the last few weeks of it will be devoted to a revival of "The Masked Ball." From the metropolis Mr. Drew goes to California, returning in the fall to present the new play he has commissioned Henry Guy Carleton

hoped will be a lengthy career at New York's Broadway Theater. The piece has been extremely successful in London, and although Sir Arthur and his coadjutor have already laid out together the scenario for a new opera, it will probably not be needed for some time to come.

During the early days of the English run of "Utopia" at the Savoy a London paper gave its readers a glimpse of Mr. Gilbert at rehearsal which makes very entertaining reading.

Mr. Barrington is going over one of his scenes with Miss McIntosh, who created the leading female rôle.

"Zarah, my daughter," he comes forward



Olive May.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

to say, "Zarah, at last—there is that seat gone again!"

The seat is replaced, and the usual arrangements having been made that it shall never again be missing, Mr. Barrington starts afresh.

"Zarah, my daughter, at last!—er, don't you think if you were to come a little nearer down, Miss McIntosh? Yes, thanks. My daughter——"

"A little more deliberate, I think, Barrington, eh?" suggested Mr. Gilbert.

"Oh, certainly, certainly. Zarah, my——"

"And I think, Miss McIntosh, you should show a trifle more—a little more," Mr. Gilbert waves his hand, "a trifle more expectation—yes; that's it. Thanks."

"Zarah, my daughter, at last!"

"Yes, dearest——"

"No, no," interrupts Mr. Gilbert, "that's not quite it. Look here, I know I shall make myself ridiculous in trying to show you; but this is what I mean. You see, I want you to put your hands like this——" Mr. Gilbert puts Zarah's into an attitude of eager inquiry—"and then you, 'Yes, dearest. I have been'—what are the words? ah! thanks—'Yes, dearest'—and so on. You see?"

Miss Nancy McIntosh, by the way, is an American, whose father was a prominent member of the fishing club, the breaking of whose dam destroyed Johnstown. She can swim and dive, and owns a handsome gold medal, won as a prize in a ladies' sculling match.

ETCHINGS

TO ADELE, AGED THREE.

SWEET barefoot beauty, wise in three brief years,
Parting thy cradle curtain, as the dawn
Parts ashen clouds, and dips in dewy tears
The new blown orchard and the daisied lawn,
What change of grief and laughter in thine eyes
Mingles like cloud and sun in April skies?

Darling, how is it thou whose tiny feet
Have only trod the tender paths of home,
Unlearned in life, unlessoned in deceit,
Unweaponed for the war of years to come,
Shouldst yet regard mankind thy proper prey,
And use those eyes to steal our hearts away?

Stolen mine thou hast, thou immature coquette!
If those shy glances and that trembling mouth,
Those long, curved lashes, drooping pearly wet
On cheeks warm tinted as the glowing south,
Have in thy baby days such mischief done,
What havoc wilt thou wreak at twenty one?



A REBUFF.

I ASKED her what she thought of me,
To which she answered "Pooh!
I really cannot tell—you see,
I never think of you."

A CLEVER TRICK EXPOSED.

A SUPPOSED example of canine intelligence was utterly spoiled the other day, when a French "professor" was displaying to a delighted audience the accomplishments of his troupe of trained dogs. After several remarkable feats the trainer announced that as a final achievement one of his four footed performers would play a solo on the piano. The dog mounted a chair, and the well known strains of the "Marseillaise" sounded through the hall as his fore paws flew over the keys with marvelous agility. Suddenly a man in the audience shouted, "Rats! Sick 'em!"

The dog jumped down with a bark of excitement. Meanwhile, sad to relate—the piano went on playing.



AN UNKIND REPLY.

HE—"It takes some brains to succeed in society."
SHE—"Why, you always seem to get on well enough."

ROMANCE REALITY

I.

FULL oft in verse I paint my Claire
So exquisitely sweet
From the dark tresses of her hair
Down to her fairy feet;

II.

I sing her charms by Venus given—
Her mouth, like Cupid's bow;
Her eyes, that shine as stars in heaven
Shine down on men below;

III.

I tell how daintily she flits—
A vision passing fair—
Through her ancestral halls, or sits
On some quaint carven chair.

IV.

And is she verily so fair?
Is all that beauty real?
Ah, no! In living truth, my Claire
Is scarce the bard's ideal.

V.

Her face is plain as plain can be;
Her temper corresponds;
But she has millions two or three
In gilt edged stocks and bonds!



SOME ILLUSTRATED "PERSONALS."



"I SWEAR I have reformed.
I touch nothing but water
now."



"I AM so exceedingly sorry
I was not at home when you
called."



"I COULDN'T come. I was
detained by an unforeseen
circumstance."

A BALLAD OF HATS.

HARD to choose is your gown—but indeed, what of that ?
It is naught to your task in the choice of a hat !
For the *chapeaux*, dear girls, that they show us this season
Are *all* of them “poems”—without rhyme or reason.

There are big hats, small hats, flats and toques,
Cocked hats, turbans, plateaux, pokes ;
Coronets and humble “Tams,”
All the “last imported” shams !
“Angelus” and “Novelty,”
“Antoinette” and “Willoughby,”
Crownless bonnets, brimless mats—
Such a wild array of hats
That your head will surely ache
Ere your final choice you make.

That looks well turned up in front,
Now, put on this velvet punt.
“Boat shaped hats are all the style,”
You are told with winning smile.
In the glass you take a sight
Of yourself. My ! What a fright !
Try on two—four—seven—ten ;
Virtuously “try again.”
Time thus spent you do not waste:
You'll find *something* to your taste,
If you'll look with patience long
As you listen to my song.

Hard to choose is your gown—but indeed, what of that ?
It is naught to your task in the choice of a hat !
I am sure, as the gay panorama you view,
Every one of you girls will think just as I do,
And declare such an odd and bewild'ring array
Has not been set before us in many a day.



DIPLOMACY.

SNOWBALL, THE BOOTBLACK—
“Say, Jim, see th' dude? He
‘gimme a quarter. I says to him,
‘Ef many gen’lemen had sich ele-
gant little feet I’d borry my
mammy’s em’ry bag to polish
‘em!’”

IN THE PRESENCE OF GREATNESS.



AN Englishman who recently visited New York was taken
to the Players' Club for dinner one evening. In the
smoking room the host of the evening seized the
opportunity to introduce the guest to the celebrities
who were enjoying coffee and cigars.

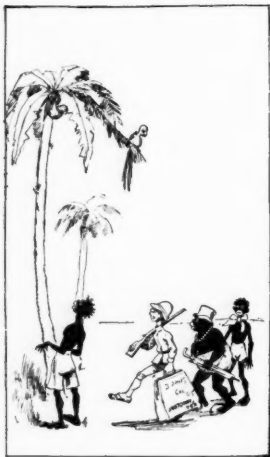
“Let me present you,” he said, “to Mr. William
Dean Howells, and to Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and to
Mr. Gilder, editor of the *Century*; and this is Mark
Twain.”

“Thanks, very much ; very good, very good, in-
deed,” said the visitor. “But let me introduce my-
self. Gentleman, you have the honor of shaking
hands with Mr. William Ewart Gladstone!”

For a moment or two those present thought they
had been introduced to a harmless lunatic, but it
presently appeared that he was sane enough. With



A TRAVELER'S FATE.



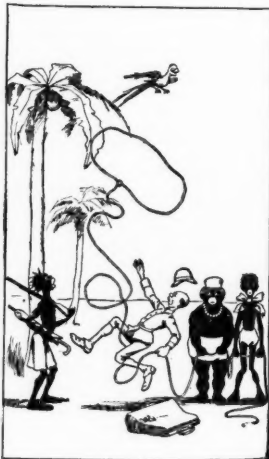
I.

Brave Jones had led his
dauntless band
Afar through Afric's thirsty
land.

that keen eye for a joke from
every American which is
characteristic of some Eng-
lishmen, the stranger had
thought the names of dis-
tinguished men had been
given to the several mem-

SHE hath no heart? Her eyes refute
The charge. With one bewitching glance
She doth illumine my ignorance;
I seem to feel beyond dispute
That she is mine. Irresolute
I pause, the doubt returns—perchance
She hath no heart!

Her trait'rous eyes all men entrance;
Her voice, soft as a fairy flute,
Allures, befools the most astute.
She laughs at love's extravagance—
She hath no heart!



II.

Some milky nuts his scouts
descried;
"We'll have them!" the
explorer cried.



III.

Straightway with lasso deftly
cast
The tree's bent down until at
last—



HER IDEAL.

"My daughter, that idle spendthrift will not make a good husband for you."

"Not a good husband! Why, papa, he is the handsomest man I ever danced with!"

bers of the party in jest, and had simply kept up what he supposed was the game. He couldn't understand that he had really stumbled upon so many notables in one group. Thus the brandy and soda was on him.

This story recalls one that used to be told of the Emperor Francis Joseph and a Bohemian peasant. The emperor had been hunting, had become separated from his suite, and had lost his way among the wooded hills. After wandering some dis-



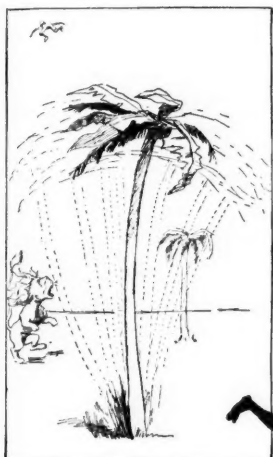
IV.

Jones picks the juicy nuts with glee; His faithful guards hold down the tree.



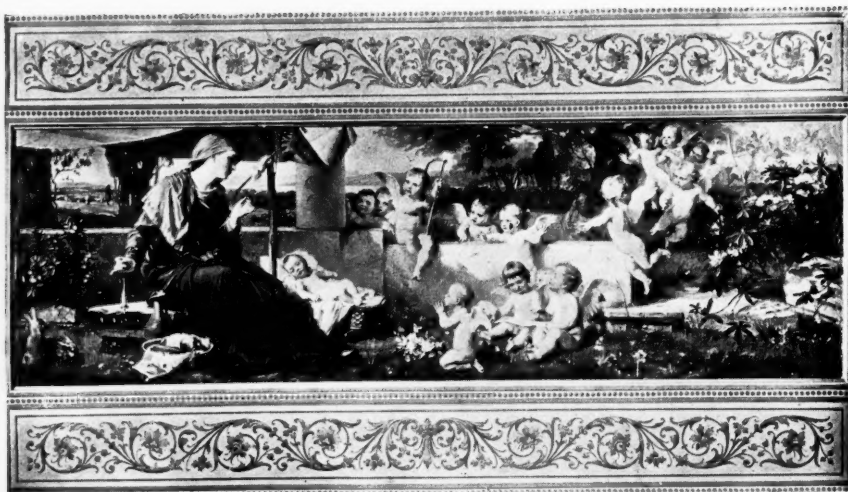
V.

What's this? A lion! In dismay
Each native flees a different way.



VI.

Poor Jones is hurled, as a result,
Heavenward, as by a catapult!



A CRADLE SONG.

STILL the lake, and still the field ;
 Still the feathery pine is ;
 Would my sleep
 Could be as deep,
 And as calm as thine is !

Child of earth and air and sun,
 Stir not in thy sleeping ;
 Lie at rest
 On nature's breast—
 Trust thee to her keeping !

Powers of earth and air and sun,
 Beneath, around, above thee,
 Lend their charm
 To ward off harm—
 All that lives must love thee.

Lo, the gentle sprites of spring
 In homage kneel before thee,
 Or hovering
 On silent wing,
 Keep watch fraternal o'er thee.

May they still attend thy steps
 Wheresoe'er thou goest ;
 Pure and fair
 As sun and air
 Be all the love thou knowest !

Still the lake, and still the field ;
 Still the feathery pine is ;
 Would my sleep
 Could be as deep,
 And as calm as thine is !

tance through the forest, he emerged upon a road, and asked a countryman, who happened along with a wood cart, for a lift. The man was glad of a companion on a lonely road, and the two chatted together on a footing of perfect equality as the leisurely vehicle toiled along. The emperor did not reveal his identity, and there was nothing about his somewhat battered hunting suit to distinguish him from an ordinary plebeian sportsman. Finally, when they neared a village where the emperor knew he could find a speedier conveyance, his majesty said :

"I don't suppose you know, my friend, that you have been riding with the Emperor of Austria for the last half hour."

"Indeed," said the peasant ; and thinking to show that his wit was every whit as nimble as the other's, he went on, "and very likely you are not aware that as we came through the forest you were sitting beside his holiness the Pope !"

A GEM FROM SHAKS-
PERE.

"Look you now, here is your husband."—*Hamlet.*

THE KEY TO SIXTY SIX.

By E. M. Halliday.

THE weather was cold, and everybody looked pinched and blue. It was not the sort of day when business is brisk anywhere. Out of doors it was so raw, so penetrating, that the constant effort to keep up a circulation to fight against the weakening influence of the cold, absorbed every energy and left little over for thought, for plans, for business or pleasure. Inside, rooms were heated to a suffocating, baking closeness, and men were languid. They stood at windows and looked at the icy streets, or held hands to aching heads over ledgers.

In the big insurance office two men were talking in a private room. A card was brought in, and an old man followed it rapidly. He was a little bent, which shortened his figure, and he held his head at a peculiar sidewise angle. He shuffled a little as he walked, but the very loose and heavy Arctic overshoes upon his feet may have had something to do with that. His brown overcoat, a good deal worn at the elbows, was long and of a comfortable, old fashioned pattern. A gray knitted woolen scarf was wound around and around his neck, and woolen gloves were upon his hands. He put one of these hands up to his ear, and cupped his palm to catch every sound when he was spoken to, and then you saw why he carried his head so oddly. He was deaf.

He had come in, he explained, to have his life insured. He had often thought of doing so, but had never been in a position where he felt that he could regularly pay the premium before. He was a kindly faced man, who seemed to state facts because they were such, without understanding any reason why they should be concealed. His eyes were clear and apparently good, although not very wide open.

"We shall require you to fill out a blank, before we can consider your application," the manager said. "We seldom take men of your age."

"I am not so old as I look," the applicant replied. "I know that the premium will be large, but I have a regular income, which ceases at my death, and I have lately found a dear young friend to whom I should like to leave something. I might take a fancy to go walking on the railroad track some day," and he smiled whimsically.

"We will have that put in your policy," said the manager, gravely.

When he had filled out his application blank, we discovered that his name was Louis A. Cattermole, that he was forty four years of age, and came of perfectly healthy parents. He said that he was born in central Missouri, that his father had been killed in the war, and his mother had been blown up on a Mississippi steamboat. He had no near relatives whom he knew. He had been a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Three years before, he had met John Mackley, a young New Yorker, on a journey through the South, and he had come to New York very recently to live.

He seemed to be a sociable sort of fellow, although looking ten years older than he said he was. He had an ingenuous way of talking, which might have come from central Missouri. McCary, the insurance manager, came from Kentucky, and he rather enjoyed verbosity when he could conscientiously listen to it, without feeling that he was establishing a precedent.

"I am afraid," he said to Cattermole, "that you will never pass the doctors."

But he did. They were astonished to find so vigorous a frame. "Sound as a nut. In remarkable state of preservation. The teeth aren't good, but leav-

ing out that and the deafness, that's as fine a specimen as I ever saw at forty four," the doctor reported. So, after all the preliminaries were gone through, Louis A. Cattermole received a policy upon his life, made out in favor of John Mackley, the young stock broker on New Street.

We made a great many inquiries, of course. Mackley, who was a big, straight backed, bluff fellow, who had a reputation for turning pretty sharp corners on the Street, evidently had no idea of the admiration he had excited in his friend, Mr. Cattermole. When he was asked about him, he laughed, and said he was a queer old duffer, who told a first rate story with a "nib" in it.

"He lives across the street from me. I live up in the Dalton, you know, and old Cattermole is in the Merlin, just opposite. He comes over and smokes a cigar with me now and then, and I return the visit and smoke one of his old pipes, when I am down on my luck, and need pulling out. You don't mind his deafness after you get used to it. He tells a *capital* story." And Mackley laughed at the stray memory of some one, showing all his big white teeth. He had had his mustache shaved lately. John Mackley was always very much in the mode.

The first premium was paid in cash, and when the second one came around we had a letter from Mr. Cattermole, inclosing a check. He had been away for some months, traveling about, and didn't know when he would be at home. The letter was from Philadelphia, and the check was paid in due course.

Next spring Mr. Cattermole wrote the insurance company a letter, saying that he wanted to make some arrangement by which he could cut down his policy. It had been an enormous policy, all the office had thought; and knowing John Mackley, and Mr. Cattermole's slight acquaintance with him, we had regarded it as almost ridiculous that the old man should spend what must have been the major part of his income that that overgrown young fellow might have a fortune some time or other.

"Good Lord!" the doctor said, "That

man is good for fifty years. John Mackley will be dead first."

McCary went up to the Merlin to see Cattermole. He found him in. The elevator boy said he hadn't been well for some days; that Mr. Mackley had been in almost every day.

"He's a mighty clever gent, Mr. Cattermole is," the elevator boy graciously remarked.

The apartment was small, and plainly, almost poorly, furnished. McCary looked about and thought of all the luxuries this lonely man might buy with the sum he annually spent upon insuring his life for the benefit of a rather heartless, rather raffish young man, who would doubtless make ducks and drakes of the money when it came into his possession—if it ever did. And then McCary gave a cynical sort of a sigh for the vagaries of human nature. It seemed as though every human being was bound to love something, and, if not of the utterly selfish sort which absorbs everything, was ready to make almost any sacrifice for the object of its affections.

"I suppose the poor old fellow has been happy in giving up everything for Mackley; but he must have lost money or faith, to want to reduce his policy."

Mackley had let McCary in.

"Mr. Cattermole isn't very well to-day," the young man said cheerfully. "I have been trying to get him to take a hot Scotch, and go to bed. He'll be out in a minute. I must be getting along down town," and he opened the door and was gone.

Cattermole came in presently, in a flannel dressing gown and a pair of list slippers. He was hollow eyed, and had a towel around his head. He said one of his ears had developed an abscess, and he was almost stone deaf, and in great pain. McCary had some difficulty in making him understand the obstacles to lessening his policy.

"I've lost money, sir," he said. "I feel as though I were robbing John. He's been like a son to me; but I must do it! I must do it!"

And then after McCary had gone all over the ground again, he made up his

mind that he would not do anything of the sort. The sacrifice seemed too great.

McCary's people went to the mountains for the summer, and he went down to the Oriental Hotel at Manhattan Beach, and dined and bathed and slept. Two or three times he met Cattermole walking along the ocean front. The walk, and the odd carriage of the head, seemed exaggerated. The old man told McCary that he had been ill ever since the winter before, that gripe had gotten the better of him. Then he would ask McCary if he had seen Mackley. He often had seen him going gayly about with some friends; but he never saw him with Cattermole.

He used to despise John Mackley for an ungrateful cub. And then he realized that Mackley had no reason on earth to suppose that poor deaf old Cattermole had put him under any particular obligation. No doubt he knew nothing about the policy. Mackley was like all his class.

Cattermole said that he thought the sea bathing did him good. He and Mackley had taken bath houses side by side for the season, and often went in together, he said. McCary saw Cattermole in the water one day and laughed heartily. He had tied up his poor ears in wads of cotton, and a rubber band, and covered almost his entire head with a straw hat. His arms were covered too, and altogether he made a conspicuous figure in the water, even in that great and motley crowd at Manhattan Beach. He was a bold swimmer, and often went away out beyond the float.

One day it happened that McCary was in the bath house when Mackley came in for his key.

"Give me 66, will you?" he said to the attendant.

"The other gent's got 66. I give it to him 'bout ten minutes ago."

"Oh, that's all right! Give me 68."

"I thought you had bathed, Mackley," McCary said. "I saw you coming out of the bath house just as I came in."

"I went up through from the beach. I forgot the formality of a key and my bathing suit. I had to come all the

way around. Did you see old Cattermole? I haven't seen the old beggar for a week. We'll have a swim. Many people in? Water cold? *Ugh!*"

McCary went up into the pavilion and looked at the bathers. The water was black with people. He saw old Cattermole come out of the bath house in his queer rig, accentuated by his curious walk and twisted neck, and plunge into the water. Two hundred people turned to look after him with curious eyes. He went away out beyond the float, and then presently in the chopping of the waves, McCary lost sight of him.

Presently he saw another head bobbing about, and then he saw a man spring upon the float and wave his arms wildly. He seemed to have something in his hand; and then he plunged into the water again.

A dozen swimmers started for the float, but it was a long way in that cold water. They found John Mackley dancing about, half crazy. He had been swimming out there with his friend Cattermole, and the old man had been taken with cramp, or something—perhaps it was the undertow—and he was gone. Mackley had pulled the hat from his head in his efforts to save him. He had been there but a minute before.

McCary pressed his way down into the crowd. He too had seen Cattermole but a few minutes before. Every effort was made to find the body, but they were all unsuccessful.

"It will wash in," the guard said. "They always do."

"He was a great friend of mine," John Mackley said with feeling. "And he was the best story teller in New York."

McCary followed Mackley into the long row of bath houses. He was an insurance manager. He had seen the whole thing, and he might as well know all the details.

Mackley went down the corridor with his heavy, majestic tread, his shoulders straight, his head well up, and his bare, brawny arms shining. He stopped at his door and tried to fit in his key. It wouldn't turn. He looked at it again,

McCary saw it too. On the brass tag were the figures "66."

McCary put his hand upon the key.

"You threw away the wrong one, didn't you?" he said coolly.

"What do you mean?" Mackley asked angrily. His big fist was in the air.

"Hush!" McCary said sternly. "You don't want any trouble, any explanations. It was all perfectly done, and you were very clever to carry it out so far, and right under my eyes. I advise you to go on the stage. It isn't so dangerous as this, and it's more profitable than Wall Street—sometimes."

Mackley's face was rigid, but defiant.

"I never should have suspected you in this world, except that I had my field glass to my eyes when you tore the hat and bandage off your head out there in the water. I *saw* it! I saw Cattermole turn to Mackley, and as you stripped

your arms I saw your plan. It was clever, and it was simple; but you ought to have gotten under the float, and thrown away the key to 66, instead of the key to 68."

"Perhaps you can prove some of these things."

"I can prove that your teeth were drawn—very bad teeth—in February of last year, and new ones put in. Perhaps the physicians who examined Cattermole, and the dentist, could corroborate my actual vision." McCary smiled. "But I will relieve your mind, Mr. Mackley. The case will never come to court. We will keep the handsome premiums you have paid us, and not advertise your histrionic abilities. I advise you to dress yourself—if you can get into 68—and be ready to meet the reporters."

And Mr. McCary went over to the hotel and ordered his dinner.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THE waxing moon is the levers' moon;
It throws o'er hill and dale,
O'er leaf, and flower, and upturned face,
And love lit eyes, a glamor and grace
Like the sheen of a bridal veil.

The waning moon is the spectres' moon;
It shines with a weird, pale light,
Like the corpse fire blue on the moldering heap;
And the earth lies prone in a ghastly sleep,
As if touched by a deadly blight.

The waxing life is for joy and love;
Hope throws o'er hill and dale,
O'er burning words, and fond embrace,
And tender vows, a glamor and grace
Like the sheen of a bridal veil.

The waning life is for memory;
Ghosts walk in its fading light,
And the corpse fire burns on many a heap,
Where buried hopes and wishes sleep
Beneath time's cruel blight.

Louisa H. Bruce.

AMERICAN MONEY ABROAD.

The failures and the successes of American enterprise among our Spanish speaking neighbors—Incidents of business that illustrate national characteristics.

By George F. Duysters.

NOT so many years have passed since the flow of the world's capital was toward this country for investment, and the employ of our own capital outside of the United States was not thought of. From 1870 to 1884 a number of companies were organized in the United States for the construction, maintenance, and equipment of steam and street railways in Mexico, and in Central and South America; but as a rule the securities of such enterprises were marketed abroad, in London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Berlin. Lately, however, the accumulation of capital, competition, and the fall of the rate of interest, have caused attention to be turned to the vast countries lying south of us, and many millions of our money have been there invested in various enterprises—sometimes with profit, frequently with loss.

The American of the north has been compelled to learn, often at heavy cost, that our southern neighbors are peoples essentially different from us in character, thought, business methods, and jurisprudence; *different*, but not so *inferior* in many respects as he was at first inclined to believe. As he learned to know the people and their language, he gradually became aware that among them was a large proportion of loyal, high minded, honorable, and well educated men, who, if they were conservative, and looked somewhat askance at highly colored schemes for modern improvements, became ultimately convinced of the benefits which would accrue from their adoption. Some have learned how to make the stranger pay toll for the privileges granted, and have done so with a cynicism that has rarely been equaled in our own country.

"Señor Ministro," said an American contractor to the secretary of public works of a certain state, "if you will grant us the concession for public works in the form we ask it, we will give you one hundred thousand dollars, and I give you my word of honor that I only will know it, and will tell nobody."

The old Spaniard looked at the young man with an expression of withering contempt as he replied:

"Make it two hundred thousand and tell *everybody*."

It is a lamentable fact that the American abroad is usually subject to a peculiar distortion of mental vision. As he recedes from his own shores they sink into a golden halo, and he forgets all the imperfections of the land he leaves; while, as the foreign shores rise before him, he can see naught but the blots upon them, and is blind to any rays of light. Only the unprejudiced cosmopolitan, whose country is the world, and the men therein his brothers, will admit that modern nations weigh about alike in the total of their attributes and qualities, good and bad. The open hearted, simple and hospitable Spanish hacendado living in a quiet valley in the Andes, who never saw a railroad and does not want to see one, may, in the eyes of some, be almost the equal of the American stock broker.

The exact and crystallized jurisprudence and the simple but very perfect notarial system of these southern countries, based upon the Codes of Napoleon, often prove a snare to the northern man accustomed to the loose and heterogeneous jumbles of English common law, case law, and statute, which prevail at home, and through which a coach and four are

so readily driven. He very soon learns, however, that a notarial contract, duly certified and paid for according to the *arancel* or tariff fixed by the government, which is very low, is more valuable for the preservation of rights and interests than one written on a shingle and witnessed by the birds of the air.

The Spanish American is not "business first" and everything else afterwards, but rather the reverse. The following occurrence will illustrate, better than a discourse, the difference between our business methods and theirs:

A party of American gentlemen were desirous of purchasing a large and valuable hacienda, not many hundreds of miles distant from our southern frontier. One of them rode up to the gates of the hacienda, and asked for Don Antonio, the owner. This gentleman appearing, the visitor informed him politely but briefly that he had heard that his plantation was for sale, and would offer him the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Mexican silver, for the same.

"Señor," replied the hidalgo, in a voice that quivered with surprised indignation, "I beg to say that you have been misinformed! The inheritance of my fathers is not for sale at any price."

The American retired discomfited.

This story being told at the Jockey Club in the City of Mexico, in the hearing of another American who had had many years' experience in the country, he offered to purchase the property for the price mentioned, if they would give him, as a commission, the difference between that sum and what he would actually pay for it.

The offer was accepted, and the knowing one set out. Arriving at the hacienda in question toward sundown, he asked for the hospitality of dinner and a bed for the night, something rarely, if ever, refused in Mexico. At the meal he kept his host and family enlivened by his wit, capping the good impression by the production from his saddle bags of a couple of bottles of rare old Burgundy and some novel Parisian trifles for the ladies of the family.

The next morning he accepted, with

some show of reluctance, his host's pressing invitation to remain a day longer and look over the plantation. He was loud in his praise of the splendid maguey plants, the irrigating ditches, the mill, and the architecture of the little *capilla*, wherein reposed the bones of his host's ancestors. He noticed and admired the embroidery on the velvet robe that clothed our Lady of Pain, who stood placidly over the little altar; upon which little Doña Conchita, whose handiwork it was, hid her blushing face on her father's shoulder.

Ah, that shrewd and rascally American of the north! He lauded everything—the sky, the sunlight, the air, the mountains, even the donkeys, who were far better in every respect than most donkeys. And he ended it all with such a plaintive appeal.

"Did not Don Antonio know of some neighbor who had a little, oh! very little, *chiquita*, *chiquitita* hacienda, for sale? He, the poor American of the north, had a very little, *chiquita*, *chiquitita* sum of money—"

Don Antonio looked troubled, then eager. He would confide in him, the Americano who was so evidently a *caballero*, that he was very desirous of selling his own plantation.

The American was horrified. What? Don Antonio was pleased to joke with his guest. Did he, Don Antonio, imagine that he, the Americano, had a million dollars to invest? And the hacienda was not worth a *tlaco* less.

Don Antonio scratched his head. Yes, it was worth that, but he would sell for less, much less.

No, never, the Americano would not listen to it. Would he rob his host, the man whose bread and salt he had eaten? Never!

The final act of this little comedy showed the Spanish hidalgo transferring to the reluctant American the entire hacienda for one third less than had been originally offered. The anecdote illustrates one side of the character of the Spanish Americans in their business dealings; bitterly defiant toward strangers, they are, as a rule almost childishly confiding in those whom they like and

who have succeeded in enlisting their sympathies.

The financial relations of the people of the United States with these southern nations may be divided into three classes:

1. That which entails the investment of money in the foreign country in the form of real estate and construction which remain subject to the jurisdiction and laws of that country, though the legal ownership of the property, and the management and control thereof, vest in a citizen of the United States, or a corporation organized under the laws of this country; such as railroads, tramways, canals, bridges, etc.

2. Financial business not necessarily involving the ownership of land, such as banking and insurance.

3. Purely commercial relations.

Many enterprises of the first class in Mexico and Central and South America, inaugurated and carried on with our capital, have been in the highest degree successful. Of those the public rarely hears. Failures have been many, but the outcries of a depleted pocketbook have been disproportionate to the actual loss; and in many instances—I think in a majority of them—these failures have been due to ignorance and mismanagement on the part of the United States companies and their officers and agents.

While the management of a business in a foreign country requires an almost extraordinary degree of tact and a thorough knowledge of the language, customs, and business habits of its people, the directors and trustees of the home company seem in many instances imbued with the belief that almost any one is good enough to send to South America, and that one who has failed in his own country is eminently qualified to succeed there. The president or executive officer, chosen more often for his stockholding or his social qualities, at once proceeds to intrust business which he does not understand to subordinates of whose qualifications he is unable to judge. Questions of foreign law are submitted on improperly translated papers to eminent counsel, who proceed gravely to write voluminous opinions upon them, though they know no more

of the system of jurisprudence involved than they do of that of Thibet.

Then again the manager appointed to reside in the foreign country is underpaid, and that in a country where the common comforts of life are either not to be procured or cost treble the home price. He quickly perceives, he he at the outset never so competent and honest, that years of toil and devotion to the interests of the company, spent amidst an unfamiliar and unattractive environment, will net him little more than a niche in the poorhouse at home, if the deadly fevers should permit him to reach it alive. He becomes discouraged, neglects his duties, or proceeds to absorb into his own pocket the capital and profits of his principal. All this ultimately results in failure, and everybody proceeds to lay the blame where it does not belong—upon the foreign country and its people generally.

Again, the enterprise is started without a proper and competent examination into its merits. In this I do not refer to mines, which should, especially in their inception, be relegated to the speculative rather than to the industrial category. For instance, a large body of land, situate not far from our southern frontier, and adapted to the cultivation of coffee, was some three years ago offered for sale to some people here. These gentlemen sent eminent experts to examine the quality of the soil and climate, the facilities for shipment of the crop to tide water, and the probable profits, and caused a most thorough investigation of the title to be made. All this was found to be satisfactory, and the property was purchased. Improved machinery and implements of all kinds were bought and shipped; but from that day to this no coffee has ever been planted upon that piece of land, because it was found impossible to secure laborers to plant, care for, and harvest the crops. One item, essential to the success of the enterprise, had been overlooked.

In the construction of railroads the element of cost, such as grading, cutting, filling, cost of material and transportation thereof, banker's discount on negotiation of securities, the profits or

stealings (as the case may be) of the construction company, can be readily and correctly estimated in advance, and usually are; but probable traffic and consequent dividends are too often left to the iridescent imagination of the promoter, or the care of Providence.

But, it is alleged, the great drawbacks to investments in Spanish American countries are the uncertainty of the enforcement of the laws, the necessity for the bribery of government officials at every step, the probability of a denial of justice to a stranger, and revolutions.

It is true that some of these countries are yet passing through their Tweed ring period; but it is also true that many have emerged from it. Astonishing progress has been made in this direction in the past twenty years. The bench, the bar, and the commercial world of the more advanced states of Spanish America compare favorably in learning, ability, and integrity with our own. The bar there is made up of honorable men and scoundrels in about the same proportion as elsewhere. The governments are usually sufficiently alive to their own interests not to violate their specific contracts.

Enterprises in these countries are usually based upon concessions, so called, which are really a contract between the executive of the foreign government on the one part, and the person or company with whom it is dealing on the other, the act of the former being directly authorized or ratified by the legislative power.

It must be remembered, where these contracts involve the payment of a subsidy by the foreign government, that there exists no power by which the payment of such a debt can be enforced. England, it is true, has frequently collected debts for her subjects at the cannon's mouth, and in one or two instances our government has attempted the same; but there is no justification for such action to be found in any principle of international law. The person who trusts a foreign government simply takes his chances, and must look into the Bradstreet of history for his information as to responsibility.

For the past fifteen or twenty years some of the Spanish American countries have been swamped with utterly irresponsible curb stone brokers from our own land, demanding concessions of every nature, for the purpose of selling them at a large profit. In a majority of instances the concessionees have utterly failed to carry out their side of the bargain; and hence governments have become more guarded in the distribution of privileges. Yet today any one desirous of establishing any manufacture or industry in these countries, and able to give evidence of responsibility, can in the great majority of instances secure a favorable concession by applying directly to the foreign government. Letters upon these subjects will meet with a prompt and courteous response, and "pull" and "influence" are as a rule unnecessary.

In Spanish American countries revolutions are always possible, but strikes are very improbable; labor is cheap, and profits large.

The manufacture of warming pans in Brazil or of shoes in the hot lands of Mexico will probably not be attended with success; but factories for the making of cotton cloth, furniture, hardware, and iron implements have been, and are, very profitable. Many of these are carried on in accordance with concessions fixing their status and rate of taxation.

Regarding the second class of financial relations with South America, there is less to be said. Fire insurance and marine insurance do not interest us, as these branches are entirely in the hands of English and German companies, and their scope is confined to large cities and sea ports. With life insurance it is different. Our American companies have penetrated to every civilized country of the globe, and with success wherever there has been careful management.

The civilizing influence of American life insurance companies in Spanish American countries has been very great. It has made to the astonished Spaniard or half breed the (from his standpoint) absurd proposition of paying something to his family after his death for an immediate, and thereafter regular, pay-

ment of cash, against which the agent at the moment gives nothing but a piece of paper. What is more astonishing, it has succeeded in persuading the Spaniard and half breed to accept the proposition to the extent of many millions. "Why!" exclaimed an indignant Mexican priest one day, "a blasphemous man has come to this village who offers to insure life, something which only God can do!"

The collection of these premiums in outlying places by small store keepers and petty bankers, and their transmission with a very small percentage of loss to the main agencies, speak volumes for the honesty and integrity of some of the Spanish American peoples, considering their condition and environment.

In banking there is little to tempt the North American outside of the country immediately adjacent to our own. The Englishman, and especially the German, will almost always outstrip the American in this department. The Teuton is slow, more cautious, looks more carefully after small profits, is more *méticuleux*, as the French say, and is as a rule better learned in the rules governing foreign exchange. Commercial loans command a high rate of interest, and are reasonably secure; but loans on real estate, even on the smallest valuation, are always dangerous in a

country where purchasers for cash are few and far between.

As to our commercial relations with South America, it is undeniable that the manufacturers of the United States could and should supply a much larger portion of the goods now consumed by the Spanish American countries. It may not be amiss to point out, however, that a South American Board of Trade, of which our manufacturers intending to do business with that continent should be members, and whose work it would be to establish proper agencies to investigate credits and collect debts, and to report upon all matters of interest, would be of incalculable advantage in this direction. The American consul abroad, in many instances ruthlessly torn from the tender and nurturing care of a backwoods village, to be clothed in a little brief authority in a foreign city, is not in every case a safe and infallible guide in matters commercial and financial.

Though political interference in Spanish American countries be forbidden us, it is the opinion of the writer that there is nothing to prevent our financial and commercial dominion there, if we but will to have it, and if our people properly understand its advantages, and will bend to the exigencies of dealing with peoples radically different in many respects from ourselves.

PRAIRIE VOICES.

WIND of the prairie, you speak to me
 With the siren voice of the mighty sea;
 You whisper and sigh in chant-like swells,
 Like the melodies locked in your pearly shells;
 Your tempest tone is the clarion blast
 That shatters the rigging and tears the mast;
 You moan like the wail of a long lost soul—
 'Tis the sea nymph's spirit that mourns for the roll
 And the splash of the waters that used to flow
 Out to the West in the long ago.
 Oh, prairie winds, you've a voice for me
 Like the siren voice of the mighty sea!
 'Tis only an echo, like memory,
 But I hear it calling and calling away,
 And I long with you for the sea today.'

Emma Playter Seabury.

LITERARY CHAT

THE ORIGINAL DODO.

MISS MARGOT TENNANT, the prototype of Mr. Benson's "Dodo," is the daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, who is head of a great chemical firm in England, and owes his baronetcy to Mr. Gladstone. One of his daughters married Lord Ribblesdale, and this other is one of the most conspicuous women in London society. It was in her fertile brain that "The Souls," an organization for the suppression of any form of stupidity, originated.

Miss Tennant is said to be more sought after by clever men than any other woman in London. She treats them all alike, and prince and plebeian are alike the victims of her ready wit and nimble tongue. She has a personal acquaintance with the Czar, and also with the Emperor William. When the celebrated yachting party was given at Copenhagen, that gathering place of royalty, at the time when Mr. Gladstone met the Czar, Miss Tennant was the center of the party. Upon her return to London her stories were received with the highest merri-ment. She drew a word picture of Mr. Gladstone, who wants to talk all the time, and Lord Tennyson, who thought no entertainment so delightful as reading aloud his own poetry, holding forth to rival but constantly decreasing companies at opposite ends of the ship.

Miss Tennant has recently become engaged to Mr. H. H. Asquith, the brilliant young Liberal politician whom Mr. Gladstone made Home Secretary.

A NEW ANECDOTE.

GEORGE MEREDITH has a character in one of his books who was a famous dinner table talker. He always had a fresh, pat anecdote apropos of any conspicuous man mentioned. People looked upon him with almost as much awe as was given to the supposititious "Englishman in Paris," who never ate nor slept, but devoted his entire time to being on the spot when remarkable things were happening to his intimate friends, the great. George Meredith's man simply took old anecdotes hidden away in libraries, and tacked fresh names to them.

A gentleman who says he is blind has been telling a story lately. Several years ago he was traveling, when the train was stopped by a snow storm. To pass away the

time his wife read to him. After she had finished the book, a gentleman asked permission to take the blind man into the state room, and read to him.

The stranger read for a long time, and then asked his hearer what he thought of it. "I think," he said, "that it is the most remarkable tale I ever heard. What is it?"

"It is a story of mine which has never been published," the stranger said modestly. "I wanted to have your candid opinion upon it."

Many years later the blind man's wife picked up the newly published "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and began to read it to her husband.

"That," he cried, "is the story the stranger read to me in the train!"

It will be news to Mr. Stevenson's publisher that he carried this manuscript about with him for years, astonishing blind strangers with its weird qualities. They had always been deceived by Mr. Stevenson's own statement, that he wrote the story under pressure for money, and that he fully appreciated its value when the idea of it first came to him.

THE REASON OF SOME POPULARITY.

AN opinion has been delivered over and over, that the people can see what is true; that only truth is satisfying, and the popular must be true. A novel writer, one who desires to do real work, not merely to show brilliant technique and dazzle his fellow workers, always looks seriously upon any really popular book, and tries to find its secret. Usually this is found to consist in the fact that the writer knows exactly the life of which he is writing. He gives a thousand touches which are perfectly unconscious. He puts in his atmosphere, his spirit, without knowing how. He thinks he is only telling a plain story, but in the telling he make the reader live it.

Fenimore Cooper had lived for many years about Lake Otsego, amid the forests and wilds, when he wrote the "Leather Stocking Tales," and his sea tales were thought out when he was a young naval officer. On the other hand, Scott, a thorough landsman, could not write a sea tale. The results of his attempts were pitiful.

But there is a great mass of literature—or printed matter—which is popular, but

ephemeral. It too is true, inasmuch as it expresses a state of mind which is general among its class of readers. The best literature, however realistic it may be in form, is idealistic in purpose. It is a carrying out of principles. It is the realization of dreams. This is true also of vulgar literature. The uncultured have crude imaginations; they dream of impossible things; their view of life is distorted by lack of knowledge. The writer who knows the minds of these people writes tales of a country, a state of society, which is real to them, and they find it delightful.

One of the popular books of this class owned a heroine who was enormously rich, only seventeen years old, and as beautiful as "starry eyes" and "raven tresses" could make her. Her gowns were miracles of Twenty Third Street windows, and she wore them at entertainments which she gave at her hotel, where she lived entirely alone—and for which exactly four hundred invitations were issued.

There was nothing untrue here, in the minds of the readers. They knew no reasons why beauties of seventeen should not live alone in hotels and entertain society. The heroine was exactly the sort of girl they imagined each of them would have been, under like circumstances; and in so much she was true to life.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

IN the death of Constance Fenimore Woolson, America has lost one of her best novel writers. There was a freshness and vitality in every one of Miss Woolson's characters which made them living. She was a realist, but not the sort of realist who saw nothing in the world except the sordid and the soiled. She had a vivid imagination, and great insight, and she chose to make prominent the good instead of the miserable. There was in her an elevation of character which transmuted much that is worldly into fineness.

She had had unusual advantages for seeing and studying all sorts of people in her early youth when she went upon long journeys with her father. She learned to know the common people perfectly, observing them with a heart which excused them through their limitations. Her first serious work was "Anne," which placed her at once in the front rank of fictionists.

She was brought up in the most conventional way, educated at a famous French school, and was an actual resident of the places of which she has written. She never lost her beautiful dignity, and the thought

of insanity or suicide seemed utterly foreign to her character.

"TASMA."

THERE bids fair to be a literature in Australia as original as everything else in that curious country, but up to this time the peculiar flavor of its originality has been enjoyed only by those who are acclimated.

Most of the writers whose work reaches us follow after the same old conventional fashion. The best of these is Madame Auguste Couvreur, the wife of the celebrated free trader. She is known to us as "Tasma," the author of "Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill." In Europe, where her books are translated into three languages, they call her "the Australian George Eliot."

Her people are English and French, but she grew up in Tasmania. She made her first success as a public speaker. She wrote some articles advocating the emigration of laborers from crowded Europe to fruit growing Tasmania, and the Geographical Society in Paris invited her to lecture before it. Her speech was an immense success, and invitations were showered upon her from other cities. The French government made her an "officier de l'Académie," and kings gave her special audiences.

Her husband is vice president of the Belgian chamber of deputies, and her home is one of the social centers of Brussels.

SOME USES OF PSYCHOLOGY.

ONE of the best known students of psychology in the United States made an effort to introduce the study into the public schools of one of our large cities. The principal brought back the answer that the subject had been thoroughly gone over by those in authority, and the conclusion had been reached that there was "no such thing as psychology."

After reading Dr. Ireland's "The Blot Upon the Brain," a different conclusion might be reached. It is a most fascinating study to begin to apply the principles of psychology to every day experiences. Dr. Ireland treats certain characters in history by the light of psychological laws, and carefully analyzes their motives. He makes a particular study of Mohammed, Luther, and Jeanne d'Arc. All of these, he tells us, were people of morbid tendencies. Mohammed's nervous conditions, resulting in religious devotion and ravings, doubtless were the result of epilepsy, which so often takes this form. Nowadays the affection receives a different treatment.

Dr. Ireland has given a clear statement of

the nature of illusions and hallucinations. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that in which he speaks of "the insanity of power"—that hereditary lack of restraint which trends back to savagery. Nero was the finished and final example of the horrors of this perverted instinct and lack of moral sense.

The neurosis of the royal family of Spain, again, well shows the inevitableness of heredity. Indeed, history seems to be but a record of events that have been the result of perverted mental action on the part of those in power. Dr. Ireland may not have so intended, but his book is a powerful proof that civilization must and will see its destinies placed in the hands of bodies composed of men who are sane, and who are known to be so before any fraction of power or influence is given them by a sane people.

The studies of childhood's vagaries, which Dr. Ireland has given, will be recognized by almost every one as part of a personal experience.

THE NEW BOOKS.

THERE are half a dozen new books that are talked about. "Wreckage," "Keynotes," "Ships that Pass in the Night," "A Book of Strange Sins," and "A Bundle of Life," are among them.

Some of these have come into American editions, and some have not. "A Bundle of Life" is a characteristic tale by Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). There is a fault in it worth mentioning particularly, inasmuch as the mild cynicism which people took upon their jaded palates as a new flavor when "A Sinner's Comedy" and "A Study in Temptations" made their appearance, seems a little forced in this new book. It begins all right—after Mrs. Craigie's fashion—with *Sir Sidney Warcop*, a gentleman who had been born with many good and perfect gifts, but who had pawned them to the adversary for a few casks of brandy and a little soda. In his early manhood he had been considered a handsome, dashing young buck of the old school, a three bottle hero, a sad dog, an irresistible rake, a good hearted devil. Now he was reformed, however, and reformation had meant in his case, as in many others, the substitution of many disagreeable virtues for a few atoning sins. Once over generous, he was now frugal; once fearless, he was now discreet; once too loving, he was now indifferent; once a zealot,

he was now entirely unprejudiced; once candid, he was now abysmal—in a phrase, he was the latter day embodiment of gentlemanly correctness, well bred honor, and polite religion.

This is all very like Mrs. Craigie, but her drawing of the heroine of the story, *Teresa*, the daughter of this gentleman and his wife—who had formerly been his best enemy's wife—is halt and lame. She asks a man to marry her when he is in love with another woman. She is very good, and childishly rebellious against her own want of beauty and attractiveness; and she cannot help warning the man she loves against the woman he loves.

Lady Mallinger is the mild society villainess, who is rather self consciously amusing while Mrs. Craigie pulls the strings. She tells *Teresa* that she has overheard the warning and entirely agrees with her and adds that she has already told *Wiche* the same story.

"When I told him that I had neither mind, morals, heart nor beauty, he looked so incredulous, and was so deaf to all argument, that I despair of convincing him. Men are so prejudiced."

Wiche finally marries *Teresa*, having been "convinced," and decides that she is incomparable, not because of her singular merits, but because no one else has the same faults.

"THE REBEL QUEEN."

AMONG recent books is one by Walter Besant, "The Rebel Queen."

In picking up a novel by Besant one may be sure of finding a purpose—not hidden, like a pill in a sugar coat, but rampant and aggressive. He states his theorem and proceeds to demonstrate. In "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and in "The Children of Gibeon," he has brought out practical, every day experiments in socialism. "Herr Paulus" treated of hypnotism. In this last he proves how deeply mistaken is the woman who tries to upset the existing nature of things, and to deny that the ruling powers of life are love and sympathy. There are some bold situations, and the whole book is a clever study of the Jews and of the woman question. The "Wild Women" will find some of their theories sadly worn after they leave Mr. Besant's practical hands. The book might be highly recommended as a point for discussion at afternoon teas.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

MARRIAGE REFORM.

THE institution of marriage is, according to Mrs. Mona Caird, on the eve of a great though gradual change. As it now exists throughout the civilized world she regards it as a relic of barbarism. Its spirit breathes of the primitive era of female servitude, she tells us. Its ceremonial forms, which have the solemn sanction of the churches and the courts, are directly based upon the savage warrior's method of acquiring a wife by purchase.

But today, she thinks, marriage is beginning to be thought of in a new light. Elements that seemed central and essential to a more primitive people are now relegated to a subordinate position. In other and simpler terms, the idea of wifely submission as a necessary part of the matrimonial contract is yielding to a more or less definite sentiment of the equality of the two parties to that contract.

Such a sentiment is undoubtedly becoming more and more prevalent; whether it will result in any tangible modification of an institution that lies so near the root of our social organization is an interesting question. Mrs. Caird herself recognizes the difficulties that confront those who would bring about such a change—or such a reform, to use her own word. "With every radical change in moral conceptions," she says, "throughout the history of the world, there have been long and slow developments of opinion before the new thought was safely expressed in the unwritten laws of a people, and subsequently took form in its legal codes. As this one is a change of standards more profoundly affecting our life than almost any other that has ever taken place, we must not expect it to be the work of mere legal changes, or the result of some definite practical scheme, but to grow slowly and gradually in the minds and consciences of men and women."

Mrs. Caird does well not to be too sanguine. The speed of a reform usually disappoints the hopes of its promoters. Advocates of change commonly underestimate the powers of conservatism that oppose them. There are very many intelligent people who think that the institution of marriage could not be improved, and that it should not if it could. It is exceedingly difficult to convince a happily married couple—and happily married couples are

numerous, even in these days of crowded divorce courts—that they are victims of a social iniquity. Most wives smile at Mrs. Caird's proffered sympathy, because they do not regard themselves as fit objects for such an emotion. And yet this does not by any means prove that there is no truth in her theories, no true purpose for her energetic voice.

We may not agree with her specific pleas—as, for instance, that the custody of her children is in all cases the natural and inalienable right of the mother, as is proved, she urges, by the manifest logic of the case, and by the fact that such a rule is observed as law by "the Balondas, a native African tribe dwelling on the banks of the Zambezi." We may seriously doubt whether we have anything to learn from these worthy aborigines; but yet we may assent to many of Mrs. Caird's strictures upon existing conditions, and sympathize with her efforts to better them. The discussions she has aroused certainly have furthered that just sentiment of sexual equality which, as she says, is now increasingly potent. In raising the question of marriage reform, whether any such reform shall prove possible and advisable or not, she has helped to promote truer ideas upon a topic of universal import.

THE NEXT WAR.

It is a token of the innate pugnacity of man that speculation upon "the next war" is a topic of such constant interest. It may be taken for granted that the first outbreak of hostilities upon a great scale will occur in Europe. The semi burlesque military exhibitions of South American states are hardly worth reckoning. There is no quarrel in progress or in prospect into which the United States can very well be drawn. But on the European continent five armed powers—or rather two great groups of armed powers—are admittedly ready to begin the awful game of war at a moment's notice.

It is true that the prophecy of a coming outbreak has been so often made during the last dozen years, and so uniformly falsified, that it has almost come to be regarded as a meaningless cry of "wolf!" But Archibald Forbes, the famous English war correspondent, aptly remarks that on the 5th of July, 1870, one of the best informed of British statesmen affirmed publicly that the

political horizon of Europe was without a cloud; on the 19th of the same month the French representative at Berlin delivered to Bismarck France's formal declaration of war against Prussia.

What has happened once may happen again, and the bolt may fall from an apparently clear sky. Mr. Forbes, who contributes his views to a contemporary, attempts to forecast the quarter from which it is most likely to proceed. Russia, he declares, is the bogey of Europe. Her historic ambition, her self imposed destiny, is to crush the western powers before her vast Sarmatian hosts. But success in war depends upon perfect preparations, and Russia is chronically unready. She is only now arming her troops with a modern rifle fit to cope with the weapons of her foes; and it will take her two more years to complete their equipment. Then will come the opportunity—Mr. Forbes does not venture to say the certainty—of Muscovite aggression, unless meanwhile she is again left in the rear by some fresh advance in the military science of her antagonists, the powers of the Triple Alliance.

Such is the forecast of an authority who, it should be remembered, belongs to a nation naturally inclined to take a dark view of Russia and her designs.

ATHLETICS AND ORATORY.

IF athletics are to be dethroned from what many regard as their undue preëminence in college life, it may be that more will be achieved in the desired direction by a recent movement among the undergraduates, than by President Eliot's fulmination against the excessive worship of muscle. The promoters of the movement in question have recognized that the great secret of the popularity of athletics lies in the field they give for the spirit of emulation, and for the display of the *esprit de corps* that is characteristic of the collegian. They have very sensibly resolved to take a leaf from the enemy's book, as it were, and to adopt his most effective weapon. In other words, they propose to inaugurate intellectual contests between rival colleges that shall be conducted as far as possible upon the lines of the present athletic conflicts, and that shall at least share the interest and attention of the intelligent community.

"The college man," says the president of the Harvard Union in a circular letter to the debating societies of other academies, "should be presented as something

more than an animal. That we may assume this more dignified position, we must organize our higher intellectual activities as ingeniously as our physical sports are now organized." And the writer proceeds to outline a plan of regular intercollegiate debates between picked "teams" chosen by preliminary practice, and with honors of victory for the ablest colleges and individuals similar to those now fought for upon the water or the turf. Several means of heightening the value and interest of the proposed contests are suggested; and we understand that the support already enlisted for the scheme is wide enough to insure it at least a trial.

It has often been said that oratory is a lost art nowadays. No doubt it is a less popular accomplishment than it was before the modern development of the press. The careers of Clay and Webster are no longer the ideals of the ambitious young American. Yet eloquence has not wholly lost its charm and its power. It is surely as valid a passport to academic distinction as is skill in tackling runners or stealing bases. We do not see why the hero of the debating arena should not rank beside their majesties the champion batsman and the crack half back, or why intercollegiate contests in public speaking should not command an attention ample to "present the college man as something more than an animal."

Let the rhetoric lists be pitched, and let the world applaud while the undergraduate knights sally forth to meet with weapons of silvern speech.

DINNER TABLE ETHICS.

THERE have been eras in the history of society when the host who allowed his guests to depart from the table with unstaggering gait considered his hospitality as a failure. In this comparatively sober generation cibarious superfluity too often replaces vinous excess. Ostentatious entertainers consider it a duty to urge upon their friends solid, instead of liquid, repletion. Their tables groan and so do their victims.

Moderation in eating is as much to be commended as moderation in drinking. Over indulgence in the former is no less disgusting than excess in the latter; it is scarcely less injurious to health, and it has not the excuse of convivial contagion.

To all entertainers who are in need of it, we give this salutary advice: don't over feed your guests. It is the worst of bad form,

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

A NEW VOLUME.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE begins its eleventh volume with the present issue, and with an assured place at the fore front of the magazine field. The volume just closed has recorded a gain in circulation of over **200,000** copies. And this was the work of only six months. No volume of any magazine in the history of the world can show a like record. Indeed, this gain alone represents a circulation very nearly or quite equal to that of the combined circulation of any two of the old favorites to which the public have been wont to look with awe and admiration.

The greater part of this splendid achievement has been recorded on the last half of the volume. The momentum has increased from month to month, showing always a greater gain on each successive number.

When we began Volume X, last October, we said that our prospects were brighter than at any previous time. We now open Volume XI with those prospects most abundantly realized. MUNSEY'S is today the mostly widely read of American magazines.

Six months ago we promised to give a first rate and constantly improving magazine at the lowest possible price—a price within every one's reach. To our fulfillment of that promise an amazing increase in circulation is an eloquent testimony. Nor is the magazine's advance ended. Volume X, we may say without self glorification, was good; Volume XI, we confidently assert, will be better.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS.

No one will be considered as an agent for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, or will be allowed to deduct commission on subscriptions, until he sends in or has sent in at least five subscriptions.

MARVELOUS, THAT IS WHAT IT IS.

THINK of a dealer selling over his counter at retail **300** copies of any one magazine in a single month. Then think of his selling **400, 500, 700, 900, and 1000**. And now let your mind out and run the figures up to **1,200, 1,400, 1,500, 1,800 and 2000**, and you will get a conception of the one magazine in the world on which

such results can be had—the one magazine, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

But these figures do not represent the future sales of MUNSEY'S. They were reached on Volume X. Volume XI, of which this issue is the initial number, will add marvel to the marvelous, attaining, it may be, even to the **5,000** point with single dealers.

Verily there is no limit to the sales of MUNSEY'S.

A BIT OF PROPHECY.

IN the initial number of Volume X we said: "It is probable that before this volume is half finished we shall overtake and pass the **100,000** mark." We got there—got there in great shape.

And now we will venture another bit of prophecy, and that is that the present volume will reach a sale of a round **400,000**. This is perhaps a trifle ambitious; but the present pace warrants the statement. The fact is, as has already been said, that there is no family to whom money means so much that it cannot well afford to exchange ten cents a month for the information, the art, the refining influence, the pleasure, the laughter, and the good cheer that MUNSEY'S will bring to its fireside.

MUNSEY'S is within the reach of every one.

AS TO ILLUSTRATIONS, WELL!!

Do you know how many square inches of illustrations this number of MUNSEY'S contains? Well, let us tell you—**1,376**.

"How does this compare with the first number of Volume X?" you ask.

It compares exactly as **1,376** compares with **702**.

"And the quality?"

Better—vastly better.

"How does the quantity compare with the editions published at twenty five cents?"

The last number at old war prices—robber prices, if you please—contained exactly **457** square inches.

"And now **1,376**, and at ten cents?"

Yes—nothing like giving value for the money.

"Is there any other magazine with so many square inches of illustrations?"

No, none.

"And some of them sell at 35 cents—others at 25—how can you do it?"

That is what every one asks—same old question. Well, it can be done. Never mind the how of the thing; just fix your eye on the fact—we will do the rest.

HERE ARE FIGURES.

We began Volume X with an edition of 20,000; we begin Volume XI with an edition of 250,000. The first issue of Volume X ran up during the month to 40,000. The present number, the first of Volume XI, will doubtless run up to 300,000.

As the knowledge of this magazine spreads just so fast its circulation bounds forward.

HOW IS THIS FOR HIGH?

MESSRS. R. S. DAVIS & COMPANY, of Pittsburgh, the leading book sellers and periodical dealers of that city, write us on March 9 as follows:

FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY,
GENTLEMEN:

We are glad to bear testimony to the selling qualities of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. We claim for our periodical counter that it is the most complete west of New York. We handle in large quantities every publication of any merit in the United States or England, and we can say for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE that it is selling with us 2,000 copies ahead of any magazine or paper on our counters.

Very truly yours.

R. S. DAVIS & COMPANY.

A MILLION A MONTH.

THE *Book and News Dealer* of San Francisco, one of the cleverest trade journals in the country, and by far the ablest in the book and news trade, said in the February issue:

"There is no use in denying the fact that MUNSEY'S is a 'go,' and a great go, too. Wherever it is shown it sells faster than any other magazine, and that it pleases is proven by the return of the purchasers for the later numbers month after month. If no worthy rival steps into the field the magazine will within a few months reach a circulation exceeding half a million, and it is not at all improbable that MUNSEY'S may become in a little while the only periodical in America with a circulation of 1,000,000 per issue. Only strong competition can prevent its reaching that enormous figure. This may sound wild, but just mark this prophecy. Its issue for February is far and away the most brilliant yet issued, and is a credit to its editor. The edition is 200,000—five months ago it was a weak 20,000."

A fact that adds especial force to this statement is that the editor of the *Book*

and *News Dealer* did not believe in our policy when we first changed to ten cents—that he opposed us on the price charged dealers, and declared that our scheme of dealing direct with the trade would be a flat failure—that it could not be done.

Well, we have done it, and the *Book and News Dealer* has generously recorded the fact, together with a prediction for the future of MUNSEY'S that amply attests the keenness of its vision.

A NEW DRESS OF TYPE.

AMONG the other improvements with which Volume XI opens is an entire new "dress" of type. The face is the "Ronaldson"—one of the handsomest of the latest cuts. It is clear and sharp, pleasant to the eye, and easy to read.

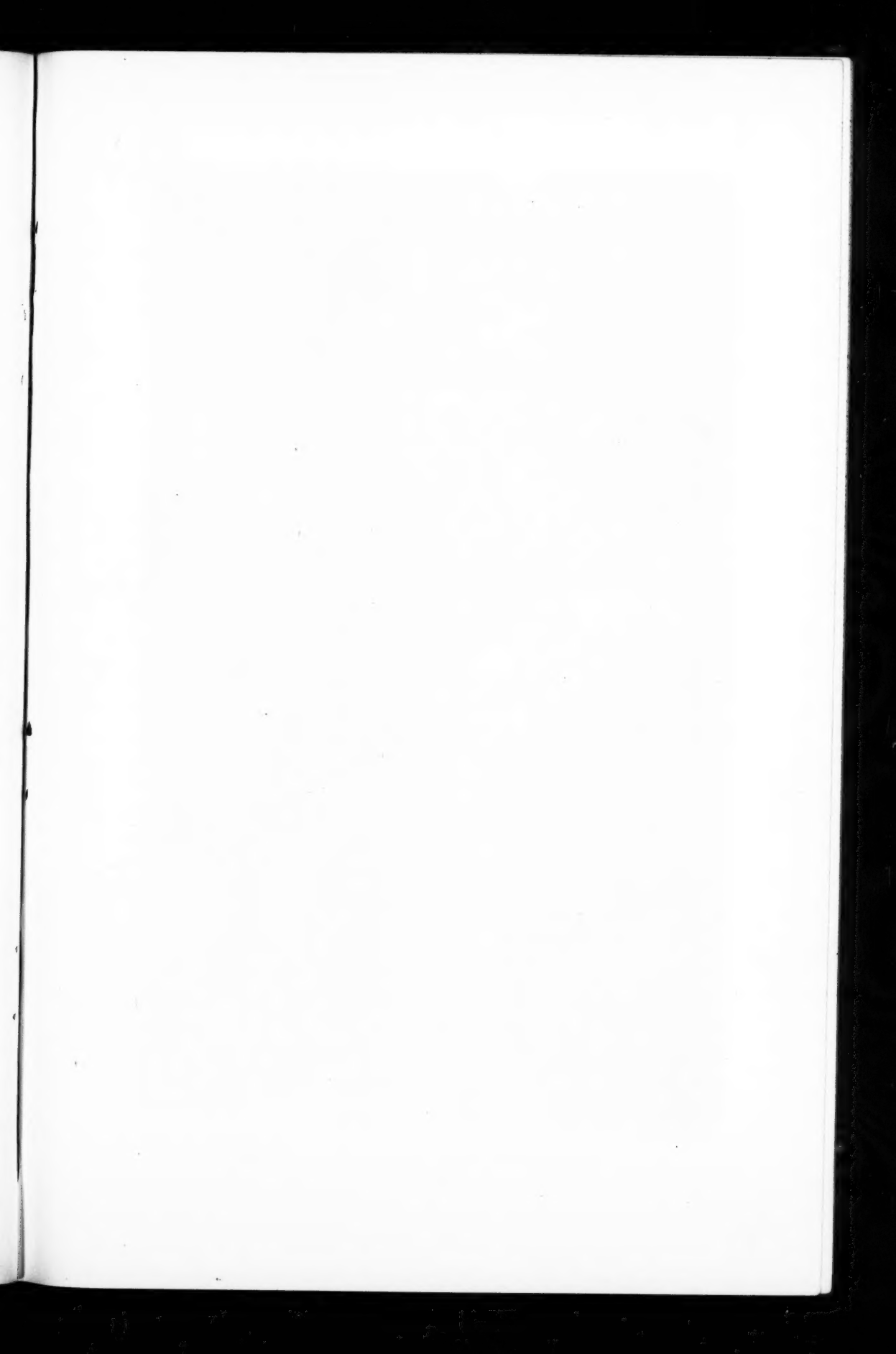
THE ARGOSY.

WITH the present month THE ARGOSY, hitherto issued as a weekly journal by the publishers of MUNSEY'S, appears as a monthly, uniform with this magazine in shape and style. It will consist, each month, of 112 pages of the same size as these, and its price will also be the same—ten cents a month, one dollar a year.

THE ARGOSY is a magazine for young people and the family. It is intended primarily for boys—not for children of nursery age, but for boys old enough to enjoy and appreciate healthy and interesting stories and articles. Of these it contains, indeed, a variety to please the taste of all ages. Together with stirring tales of adventure and fiction of the best sort, it gives attractive historical sketches, helpful biographical studies, and a wealth of interesting miscellany upon topics of current importance. It is illustrated with engravings of the highest grade; and it is sold at an unprecedentedly low price.

THE ARGOSY was founded in 1882, and during its twelve years of existence it has won a place for itself as one of the most popular and successful periodicals of its kind. The present change from the weekly to the monthly form of issue is in accordance with the policy that led the publishers to transform MUNSEY'S WEEKLY into MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Successful as THE ARGOSY has been in its old field, we believe that a far greater success awaits it as a monthly magazine, and that its circulation and influence will be largely extended.

THE ARGOSY may be ordered from any news dealer, or from the publishers—ten cents a copy, one dollar a year.





"Adagio."

Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by J. C. Herterich.